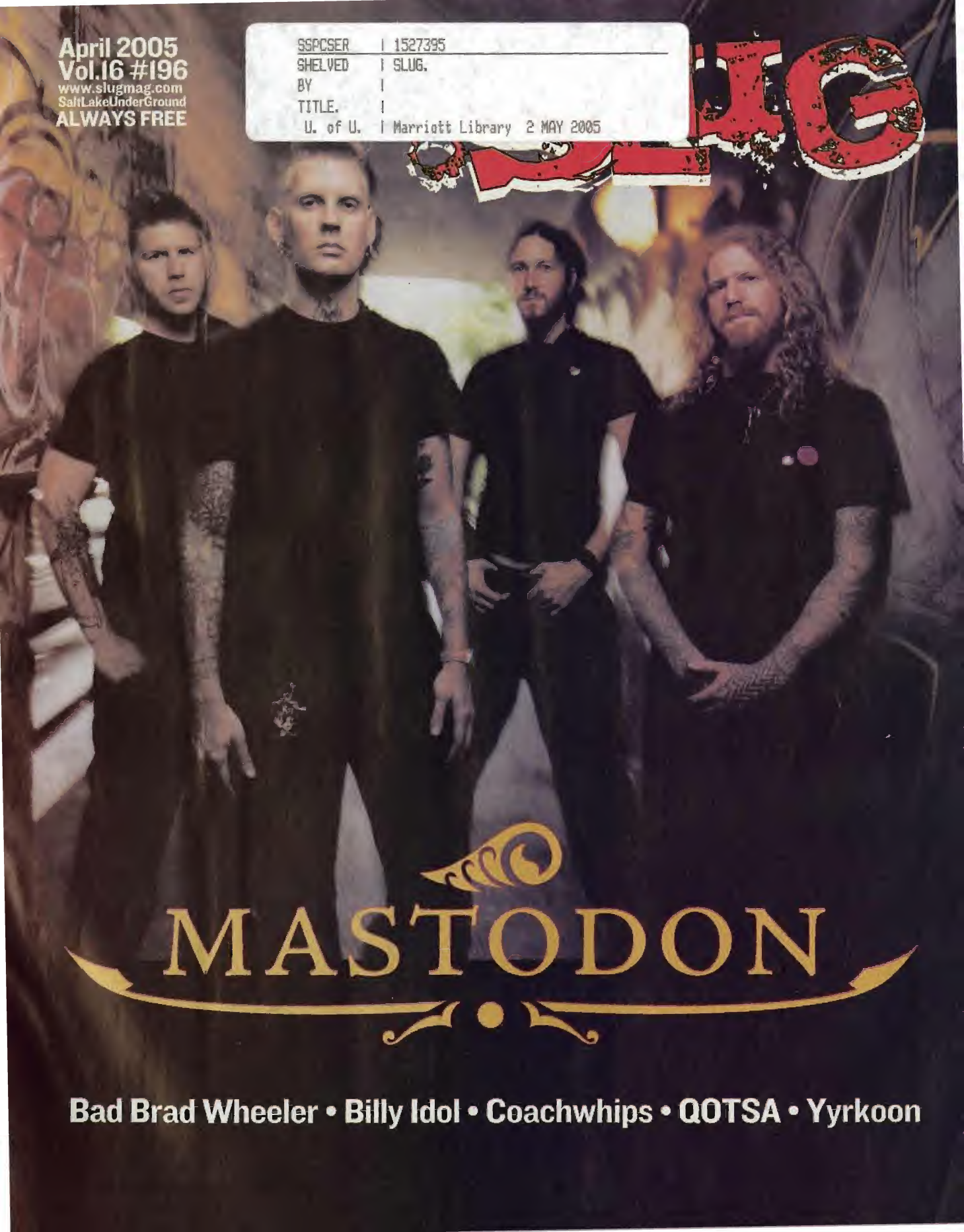
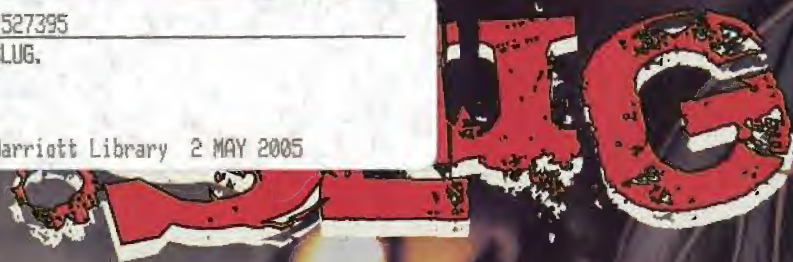


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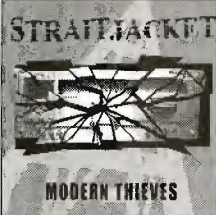


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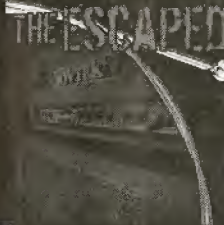
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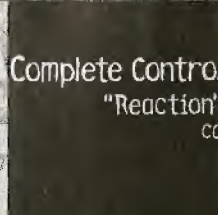


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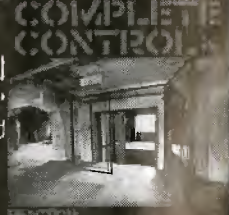


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Wasted Life is MIA for April. Look for an extra fat version next month.

SLUG Mag is proud to bring you the worst possible picture of one writer each month.

CONTRIBUTOR LIMELIGHT

Jeff Fogt is but a wee sprite in terms of how long he's worked for SLUG, but his poignant wit, no-shit insight and truly eclectic ears have earned him a subsequent, nearly-mortal workload of CD reviews, which he has handled with grit, grace and clock-like punctuality. A cabbie by trade with a fondness for anal-fisting humor, Jeff has translated the two into something productive with his Soccer Dad column. He's as funny in real life as he is on the page—read his review in this issue of My Epiphany, and keep in mind it's penned by the same

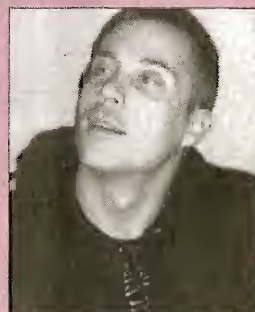


Photo: Packard

person who requested a guest list spot for the Cher/Village People concert, intending to attend the show on acid.

—Nate Martin

SLUG Magazine

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DEAR DICKHEADS

We fiend on your hate-mail.
e-mail dickheads@slugmag.com

Dear Dickheads,

My name is Scott and I work security at Area 51. I just moved to SLC and my first night of working was on your guys's 16th Anniversary Party. I have to say your mag is kinda cool from what I have seen but you guys are a bunch of fucking freaks. I'm sure you know because I'm sure you whiny fucks are bitching about it a lot but I had to kick seven goddamned people out of the bar that night that all work for SLUG Magazine for being drunk and belligerent, doing drugs, stealing from the DJ booth and for basically being jerkshit assholes. How the fuck do you bunch of turds manage to do anything productive at all like even get out of bed in the morning much

less put out a magazine each month? I hope you pieces of shits never do anything in this town again. I have never been so fucking pissed in my life. Fuck you you little pot-smoking in bathroom fuckers, you drunk shit smartass longhair ponytailed fuckers, you shit-talking coat stealing ugly ass dress mustache wearing fuckers, and fuck you you ugly ass bitch with thick glasses that tried to kick me in the balls. I don't know your name but you are the ugliest bitch I have ever seen and if I even see you again outside of a club I will fucking bitchslap your bitchass.

Eat shit,
Scott Ries

Hi Scott! I'm glad to hear you could make it to the party and I'm glad to hear it sounds like you had a good time! That breath of fresh air was nice when your ape-necked ass threw me out the front door (yeah I remember you), and the stroll around the building to the side door where your co-worker Eddie snuck me back in was lovely as well. I hope some of that shit in the DJ booth belonged to you. The really funny thing is that we threw a killer party where everyone had a good time (especially the SLUG-staffers that your club fed free drinks to all night long), we stormed all over your little security precautions, you probably don't even have half an idea about what really went on in the bathrooms. I think I'm going to personally request that all SLUG parties be thrown at Area 51 from now on, it was such a good time. See you soon! :)



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A PRIVATE CLUB FOR MEMBERS

Localized

By Camilla Taylor: Son of a Commando
Photos by Russel Daniels

Localized is the second Friday of each month at the *Urban Lounge*.

This month of April will be featuring **The Album**, **CART!**,

Captured by Robots and your drunk friend who won't stop spilling his beer on your coat.



CART!

Matt: Guitar and vocals
James: Drums and vocals
Deb: Bass and vocals
MC: Noise and vocals

CART! is from Ogden, and the journey from there to Salt Lake City is a near-insurmountable task in my opinion, and a reasonable explanation for their tardiness in arriving at *Coffee Under the Bridge*. But CART! is all about journeying to distant places. Their predilection for said journeying is why they are in Utah to begin with. All four members of the band were living in Portland, but while on tour, they passed through Ogden. Shortly thereafter, they all moved to Salt Lake's neighbor to the north. They'll tell you that they moved out here because they were treated so much better here and the move simplified their life to a degree that they could re-devote themselves to their music. But that isn't true at all; it was the Jell-O.

"We have a specific term: theogenic punk or theogenic music," says MC. "It's a term from **Albert Hoffman**. I got it out of a book by **Alex Gray**, a contemporary psychedelic artist. We use it as a metaphor to approach our music as expanding and opening the audience's mind. Experimental punk works."

"We improvise and make noise. That's all I do is make noise with whatever I can find. We approach all different genres, but it's not forced. The potpourri of weirdness ... it's basically weirdness from all those levels."

"We all have our idiosyncracies within our personalities and we try to glorify the weirdness of who we are and we want our music to represent that," James adds. Deb sits next to me stoically, occasionally trying not to smile at various remarks. "A lot of our moral beliefs come into play in our music. Deb's a vegan and I'm a vegetarian and we're trying to set up some shows right now with a vegan group. We're always down to play benefit shows."

"We're not a political band by any means, but I guess we sort of mention it," MC said. He does most of the vocals, although he initially was opposed to being in that position. CART! is, according to him, a completely meaningless title. Then why, you ask, this meaningless use of exclamation marks? I couldn't tell you, but it does make me want to yell it.

All of their hyperboles about acid and strange things aside (and there is much of it), their music is pretty fun to listen to, at least what I hear on their website. There're all sorts of strange noises and surrealistic blips and glitches. My mind wasn't expanded nor my horizons broadened by hearing it, but maybe that just means I'm not their target audience.

www.carttheband.com



The Album

Jud Powell: Vocals and guitar
Chris Peterson: Bass
Chris Evans: Drums

Jud and one of the Chrises of The Album met me at *Coffee Garden* late one evening.

"[The Album] was started probably three years ago, but it was a different lineup," says Jud. "Chris played drums and I played guitar, but the two other guys who used to play with us don't anymore and Chris Peterson now plays with us."

Because The Album and Le Force share a common bandmate and one is obviously a side-project of the other. I was curious about what differentiates the Album from Le Force. "The Album's not metal, for one," Chris will tell you. "Jud writes all the music for this band, so it's more stuff that he wants to do. That's about all I've got." Also, you might notice that there is a lot of vocal work in The Album's music, whereas Le Force has very little of that.

"It's just a whole different thing," says Jud. "I want to do more rock stuff and more songwriter stuff. It's just a project for me to get a bunch of music out. It's finally come together after playing for so long. We did try to do a record and we worked for three months on it, but that never worked out. So, now we're getting ready to do a record. The Album is more writer-oriented."

It would be the most irritating thing imaginable if the Album's first album were called *The Album*. Thankfully, according to their website, the album will be called *b-sidestudios*. Their website also features an inordinate usage of exclamation marks and shortly, some downloadable music. "This has just sort of allowed me to do my own thing. It's probably the most money I've ever spent on gear. I just decided that I had to put together a huge effects pedal board," says Jud.

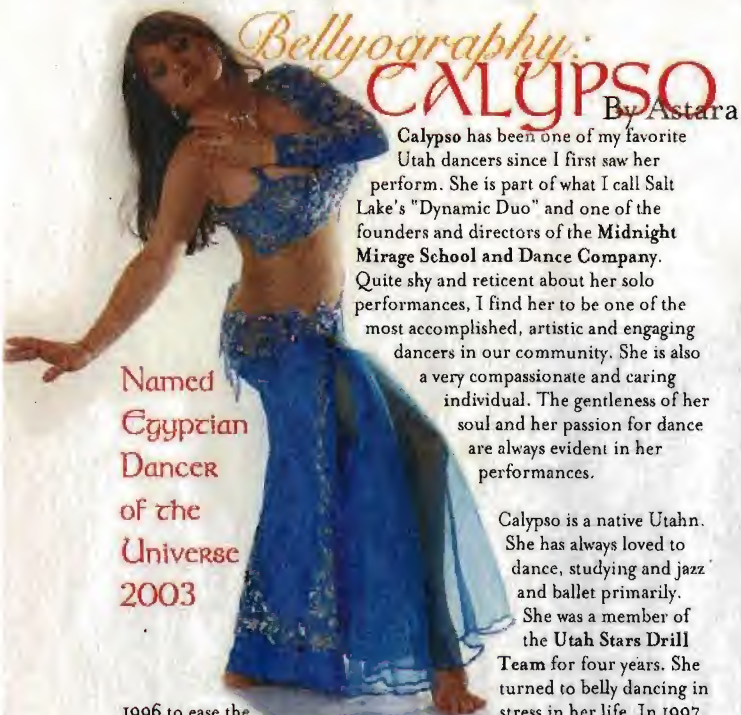
And why should you go see this side project? In addition to both of these boys having lovely hair, "I think you should go because we like the music and we think it's good. We try to be energetic," Chris says in a way that almost makes it a question.

www.le-force.com



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Calypso has been one of my favorite Utah dancers since I first saw her perform. She is part of what I call Salt Lake's "Dynamic Duo" and one of the founders and directors of the Midnight Mirage School and Dance Company. Quite shy and reticent about her solo performances, I find her to be one of the most accomplished, artistic and engaging dancers in our community. She is also a very compassionate and caring individual. The gentleness of her soul and her passion for dance are always evident in her performances.

Calypso is a native Utahn. She has always loved to dance, studying and jazz and ballet primarily. She was a member of the Utah Stars Drill Team for four years. She turned to belly dancing in stress in her life. In 1997, and, as they say, the rest is history.

1996 to ease the she was asked to join the Kismet Dance Troupe, where she met Jamileh, and, as they say, the rest is history.

"I love the group dynamic on stage, Calypso explained. "I like a dance company that is totally working together. Most nationally acclaimed

dancers perform in front of their troupes. I want the troupe to be the star—everyone in sync with each other, and not focused on just one person. That is my vision."

Calypso brings her vision to reality with the innovative choreography of the Midnight Mirage Dance Company. Jillina and Naima Akef are her favorite dancers, but no one rates higher in her estimation than her partner, Jamileh, who is also her best friend.

"We created Midnight Mirage in order to challenge and motivate ourselves. Together, we inspire each other to continue to learn and be inspired into uncharted territory."

"Midnight Mirage doesn't fit into a box of ideas on how belly dancing should be performed. We took our ideas, our experiences and our dreams and with the core technique of belly dancing, created what we wanted to do. Diversity is what makes life, art and dance interesting. Why do we all want to look the same? If we are all doing the same thing, it is boring. We are entertainers, and we are here to entertain."

Calypso, with her partner Jamileh, has created fresh, innovative and new dimensions of Middle Eastern Dance. They aren't afraid to take risks with their dancing, which has earned the company many prestigious awards. Calypso herself was named Entertainer of the Year and Egyptian Dancer of the Universe in 2003.

"As I travel around the country with Midnight Mirage, dancing and teaching workshops, I have become aware of the fabulous dance community we have in Utah. The level of dance here is superb, and we need to be proud of what we have created and promote it in a positive light."

Catch Calypso at the Moab Arts Festival, Beledi of Boise and the Utah Belly Dance Festival with Midnight Mirage Dance Company along with her solo performances at Cedars of Lebanon. For more information on classes taught by Calypso and Midnight Mirage events, go to www.midnightmirage.com.

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Pinch Me: SLUG's Adventures at SXSW 2005



Guitar Wolf
Pics by AHB
Words by Rebecca Vernon

Shows/Interviews SLUG attended:

Tuesday, March 15

Throwrag
Listened to QOTSA from outside the fence

BEST: Throwrag

WORST: Listening to QOTSA from outside the fence

Although we didn't get into the QOTSA show, we did meet our new friend Chase, the ticket scalper.

FREE BBQ: BMI party

Wednesday, March 16

Billy Idol interview

Huberg Sumlin w/Pinetop Perkins



Crisis

and Steve Costello
Modey Lemon
A-Frames
Billy Idol
Hella
Sleater-Kinney

BEST: Huberg Sumlin, Hella, Modey Lemon
WORST: None
FREE BBQ: Red Bull House

Thursday, March 17

Ringtone Panel
Legendary Porch Pounders
Earlimart
Magnapop
Titan Go Kings
The Nein
Go Betty Go
MXPX
20 Miles
The Panthers
Death from Above 1979
Queens of the Stone Age

BEST: Legendary Porch Pounders, Death from Above 1979, QOTSA
WORST: Titan Go Kings
FREE BBQ: Asian Night BBQ, Red Bull House

Friday, March 18

Queens of the Stone Age interview
The New York Dolls
Red Sparowes

Lilutu
Crisis
Mistreaters
M.O.T.O.
Guitar Wolf

BEST: Crisis and Guitar Wolf
WORST: M.O.T.O.
FREE BBQ: QOTSA house, Red Bull House

Saturday, March 19

Allan Oldie Band
Ian Moore
Be Your Own Pet
Ditty-Bops
Murdered by Death
These Arms are Snakes
Flatstock Poster Convention
Zach Parrish
Legendary Porch Pounders interview
Bill Kirchen
Smoke or Fire
Action Action
Pig Destroyer
Coachwhips
Video Screams
Alabama Thunderpussy
Petty Booka
Bonnie Pink
400 Blows

BEST: Coachwhips and Video Screams
WORST: Bonnie Pink
FREE BBQ: Yard Dog, New Times Party, Red Bull House



Idol Worship: Still-Hot Billy Idol Reminisces on English Punk

SLUG had an opportunity to attend roundtable with a Billy Idol at a seedy, charming Mexican restaurant. I only got to ask him one question, and I was going to inquire if Billy has had pectoral implants and/or plastic surgery, but then while answering another journalist's question, Billy mentioned that his music was based on a "punk rock attitude." Since SLUG is based on a punk rock attitude, I thought it would be fitting to ask Billy,

SLUG: What is it about the punk rock movement and its attitude that had the most influence on you personally?

Billy Idol: It gave us an avenue for our lives. In England in the mid-70s there really wasn't any jobs. If you were a college grad or a rubbish collector, it didn't matter. So our thing was, "Fuck you! We're going to create a world. We're going to attack your world that won't give us shit with music! We're going to kick you in the balls with music!" It was a great way of making a statement. You sort of reignited the power of rock n' roll.

It ended up giving me a future—I'd never thought of that. We were doing it purely in the moment. We loved music. That's what we always wanted to do. It was great. The world made us do it. Thank God the world makes you do what you *have* to do. I used to dream about being in a band. I used to watch *ReadySteadyGo!* and look at *The Who* and *Jimi Hendrix*, and think, "They're going all over the world, and I'm stuck here." I hope there is somebody else somewhere going mad to Billy Idol music, just like I was getting all sweaty to the *Beatles* under my covers listening to *Radio Luxemburg* fading in and out.

If you really love something, you start dreaming it up. You dream up your landscape—maybe your own mental, emotional landscape. That's what I did, and I've had a great time.

Nice Sticks, Baby: An Interview with QOTSA drummer Joey Castillo

In the fall of 2002, Joey Castillo took over as QOTSA's drummer after *Dave Grohl* recorded the tracks for *Songs for the Deaf*. Castillo toured for that album and played the tracks on *Queens'* latest, *Lullabies to Paralyze*. With his punk-rock roots, DIY integrity and vast experience drumming for well-known bands like *Wasted Life*, *Danzig*, *Mondo Generator* and of course, *QOTSA*, Joey Castillo brings his knowledge, background and immense talent to QOTSA's music artillery, leaving a permanent mark on the-swift-becoming legendary band.

SLUG: How was it filling *Dave Grohl's* shoes? Did that make you nervous?

Joey Castillo: No, not really. I think if I'd let that stand in the way, it really would have hindered what I was doing. I was always a fan of the band and I knew Josh and I'd been playing my whole life, and it was just such a great thing to be drumming for my favorite band. Not to take anything away from Dave.

SLUG: And everyone's style is different. You can't say any drummer's better than another one.

JC: That's just it. I've never, ever lived my life that way, trying to compete with someone else. I do what I do and you like it or you don't. It's not really that important. That's like junior high or high school stuff, like "I can run faster than you;" "I can jump higher than you." [Laughs]

SLUG: How did you start drumming? How old were you?

JC: I was about 15 when I started. A friend of mine had a drumset, and I just started messing around at his house one day. The next thing I know, I'm in *Wasted Youth* and I'm touring. I dropped out of school, which wasn't a good thing.

SLUG: Who are some of your favorite drummers?

JC: My favorite drummer right now is *John Theodore* from *Mars Volta*. He's an amazing player. I love [*John Bonham*]; he was just amazing. I was really into *Rat Scabies* from *The Damned*. I loved *Hunt Sales* ... he played with *Iggy Pop* ... he's amazing. *Spit Sticks* from *Fear* was a big influence. He was a friend of mine. He was probably one of the first drummers that I was in complete awe of.

SLUG: So why did *Nick Oliveri* [*QOTSA's* ex-bassist and original member] leave *Queens of the Stone Age*?

JC: Josh and Nick had a really, really long history together. Nick is still a friend of ours. It was coming to a point where we knew the direction that this *QOTSA* record was going to take and Nick wasn't really sure about how he was going to go about the *Mondo [Generator]* thing and he was having a little bit of head problems. It wasn't so much of anything other than a worn-down relationship between the two. That [*QOTSA Songs of the Deaf*] tour was





(Joey Castillo Continued)

almost two-and-a-half years and it was straight. We didn't really have much time off at all, and it beat us down.

SLUG: How did you regroup after the tour?

JC: When we got home, we knew that Nick wasn't going to be around anymore, and it was time to move. Josh was like, "I don't think we should end this because he's not going to be here." Josh started the band anyways. The first record he did by himself. It was a time to regroup, for everybody to get their heads on. Immediately, before we knew it, I think we were home less than a month and [Josh] was already like, "Let's go write." We just threw our gear in a van, went out in the desert and stayed there for about two weeks and played everyday [resulting in the *Desert Sessions*].

SLUG: How often does Queens rehearse when you aren't on tour?

JC: Queens rehearsal usually begins a week before a run. Between breaks, it's usually a few days.

SLUG: What was it like drumming for Danzig?

JC: It was quite an experience. It was fun. To be honest with you, I was never a huge Danzig fan. I was more of a Misfits/Samhain fan. That's what I grew up on. He's a great guy. He's really a normal guy. He's a bit of a control freak, though. He's got a real fear of anybody doing their job. Overall, it was fun, and I had a great time doing it. It was a lot of ups-and-downs—changes with players and people. It was a good gig.

SLUG: There's a huge music scene in Salt Lake ...

JC: When I was in Wasted Youth, we played Salt Lake in 1984. I wasn't even 21 yet; I remembered I had to wait outside until we were ready to play. It was right near a freeway underpass.

SLUG: Probably *The Word* or *The Speedway*.

Joey: Yeah, *The Speedway* sounds familiar. I remember that.

SLUG: Have any good book recommendations?

Joey: I was reading the John Lydon [Johnny Rotten] book, his autobiography. It's his actual writing—his take on everything, so it's pretty funny. I think it's called *Rotten*.



Pounds of Love for the Legendary Porph Ponders: Bad Brad Wheeler Talks Pig's Balls, Blues, Brewskies

The last night of SXSW, on Saturday, Angela and I interviewed the master storyteller **Bad Brad Wheeler**, booker extraordinaire for *Brewskies* in Ogden and member of the Legendary Porph Ponders with **Dan Weldon** (lead singer/guitarist), at a **Bill Kirchen** show across the bridge from downtown Austin. Bill Kirchen is a well-known blues musician who guest-played with the Legendary Porph Ponders during their SXSW show at *Hard Rock Cafe* in Austin.

While Brad's family was living in Utah, Brad would go back to his Uncle Larry's farm in Iowa every summer for character development or a break from Utah, Brad isn't really sure.

"There are lessons you learn on the farm that you don't learn anywhere else," says Brad. "You learn what a really fucking honest day's work is. There's a whole bunch of shit it takes to be a farmer. Some people look at a farmer as being the lowest job there is, but it's one of the hardest jobs there is, and it affects everybody.

"One time when I was 13, we had these two farmhands, Big Eddie and Little Eddie. Big Eddie was Little Eddie's dad. That's how they got 'Big Eddie' and 'Little Eddie.' Big Eddie used to work on my grandpa's farm, and I never knew him; he died out in the field. Anyway, Little Eddie only had four teeth in his whole mouth and he had a pot gut and had his hat always on crooked. One day we were checking on the hogs, and there were these electric wires separating the fields that you had to climb over. Eddie said, 'Go over there and check those hogs.'

"So I go over to the wire around the hog's pen and it turns out that the night before, it had rained. The electric wire touches the inside of my leg and balls and shit. Have you ever been on an electric wire? It makes you feel like you're having a heart attack. Electricity gets shot through your body and it makes every muscle in your body seize. And Eddie's just laughing his ass off watching me. Eddie came over and he fucking pushed me off the fence, and he's laughing.

"That day that Eddie had me straddled on the electric fence was my night to make dinner. So I went and I hid every single piece of silverware we had in the house. And then all I cooked was corn on the cob. Eddie showed up and he was so pissed because he only had four teeth in his whole mouth.

"When little pigs are growing up, you've gotta go in and clip their teeth out of their mouth. We literally had 2,000 pigs. My uncle was sitting on the other side of the divider in the barn and I was supposed to hand him these pigs headfirst. But

hundred pigs, you're gonna fuck it. You're gonna pick it up and hand it up backwards. So I handed up one backwards and it started squealing. So I squeezed it and this big explosion of shit went all over my uncle's overalls, and he said, 'You did that on purpose!' So he grabbed a pig and squeezed it and got shit all over me and he starts laughing. 'That's not cool!' I said, and I grabbed a pig ...

"Another traumatic day is when you have to cut their balls off. Thousands of little pig halls all over the place with flies everywhere. Fuck, it's horrible. They're all screaming ... Doc cuts a smiley face, pulls the balls out, grabs a brush with some Vaseline on it, wipes it on. Pigs are your investment, but you come to hate them after awhile, because pigs are fucking mean. If you don't watch your back, a pig will come rip your fucking leg off."

Bad Brad ran the *Dead Goat Saloon* [RIP] from 1996 to 1997 and helped to "bring it out of the red into the black" by "selling blues." Now Brad is the main booker for *Brewskies*.

"John Paul Brophy, the old owner of the *Dead Goat* who used to book their Monday blues night, taught me that musicians are people, and that musicians need gigs, and it's almost our responsibility to give gigs to good musicians, because with the blues, a lot of these musicians, you don't know when their last dying day will be.

"I think there should be a panel called 'Old Black Men' at SXSW. Black men have dealt with every issue in music: racial issues, contractual issue, housing issues, transportation issues. At one time, black musicians couldn't go out to restaurants to eat—they'd have to make food in their hotel rooms while they were on tour.

"I feel like every American should go to the South. I really had no idea what it was to be white in America until I went to Mississippi. In the black community in the South, I saw a group of people who had a history of all different types of oppression—social, economic, mental, physical. As brutal as the South is on one level, on another level, almost everything that has cultural significance in America came from the South. Country music: Tennessee; rock n' roll: Memphis; jazz: Louisiana; blues: Arkansas and Mississippi.

To read the full interview with Bad Brad of the *Legendary Porph Ponders*, go to www.slugmag.com and click on the "Exclusive Web Content" folder on the right-hand side of the home page.

To read the in-depth, blow-by-blow account of SLUG's adventures at SXSW this year, go to www.slugmag.com and click on Billy.

Whip IT Good

Prepare to be Dominated by the Coachwhips By Jared Soper

When I called to schedule this interview, I got an answering machine, which, in the spirit of George Castanza's answering machine on *Seinfeld*, is a reworking of a famous pop tune (only in this case, the message is about "walking on down to K-Mart to buy some shoes" set to the music of "Electric Ave.") Just as I was about to hang up, a "Hello?" stops me from doing so. "Hi, is this John?" I ask. "Maybe," the voice replies in a half-whisper. "Who are you?" Befuddled, I explain myself and ask how he's doing, to which I am told, "High as a kite and about to crack open a beer and listen to a test pressing of a record."

Photo: AHB

This was my introduction to **John Dwyer** of the **Coachwhips**. When next we spoke, he had just gotten through eating and was enjoying watching a **Buster Keaton** film (of whom I am also a fan). Turns out the record he was listening to earlier in the week was one of his own, the third release from an acoustic/noise side-project called OCS (or **Orinoka Crash Suite**) titled simply, 3, which should be coming out shortly on **Narnack Records**.

Narnack is also home to the new **Coachwhips** album, *Peanut Butter and Jelly Live at the Ginger Minge*, recorded by **Chris Woodhouse** (guitarist for the now defunct **FM Knives** and producer of, among other things, the **A Frames**, **The Dipers** and **The Hospitals**). When asked how the **Coachwhips** teamed up with Woodhouse, John says that he had "actually tried e-mailing that dick a long time ago and he never got back to me. It was before **Coachwhips** had gotten any press or anything like that. And I was like, 'I really want you to record my garage band and I like your old band and I really like the **A Frames** a whole shit-load, and all that. And then he ended up contacting me out of the blue after **Coachwhips** had done some stuff with **Weasel Walter** (of **The Flying Luttenbachers**).'" A match made in garage-punk heaven!

Woodhouse definitely brought an added touch to the San Francisco trio's sound, making their fourth album (third for **Narnack**) their best-sounding yet. All 21 minutes of *Peanut Butter and Jelly* is crammed with thunderous drumming from **Mat Hartman**, **Val-Tronic's** discernibly haunting organ chirps, and LOUD, blusterous guitar-playing from **John Dwyer** himself. Not to mention Dwyer's bizarre, **Billy Childish**-from-outer-space vocals to which, I am told, are filtered through "the earpiece from an old Bell phone that you kind of just screw apart." Not fully comprehending how merely singing through such a device can produce this strange effect (also a noticeable quality on the recordings of **Bob Log III**), I ask John to instruct me on how to make a **Coachwhips**-patented microphone. He tells me that it involves "two screws; you just put the two wires on the two screws." "And then hook it to a normal microphone?" I ask. "No," he says, "you just cut one end of a guitar cable, fray out the wires and put it on there. I've gotten better at making them over the years. Now when I make them they last more than one show." At this point, you might be wondering where this endless supply of telephones comes from. "Hotel rooms," John says, "that's why every time a place puts us up in a hotel, we're usually not invited back."

Dwyer moved to the Bay Area in the mid-90s from Rhode Island after running out of prospective people to play music with. He chose the liberal San Francisco because he had "heard the

drummer from **Deerhoof**, Greg, and really liked his drumming a lot." He says, "I figured I'd either try and play with him or there'd be more people like him out here. [I] moved out here and realized that it wasn't going to work out between me and him and I just ended up playing with **Jeff Rosenberg** from **Pink and Brown**."

Formed from the ashes of that particular costume-wearing noise deconstructionist duo, the **Coachwhips** started up because "I always wanted to play garage rock," says John. "I always liked **The Mummies** and **The Gories** and all that shit a lot. And eventually I had to find people that didn't know how to play music to make it sound right. I started with a couple other people before [former members] **John [Harlow]** and **Mary Anne [McNamara]** and they were too good." This respect of the minimalist 90s "budget rock" aesthetic, combined with the blatant noise rock ethos of Dwyer's previous outfits such as **Landed** and the aforementioned **Pink and Brown**, have garnered the **Coachwhips** quite a reputation as a force to be reckoned with.

The **Coachwhips** played **SXSW** last month and are currently on a National Tour; No Salt Lake date is booked.

BUZZOVEN

WELCOME TO VIOLENCE

AT has resurrected the out-of-print treasures from these southern sludge/punk legends. The angriest band you'd never want to meet in a dark alley still sounds as powerful and devastating now as when they first smashed into the scene in the early 90s. Collecting the "To A Frown" LP, alongside the EPs "Unwilling to Explain" and "Wound" and two never-released versions of later tracks, "Welcome to Violence" also includes new artwork by Arik Roper, and liner notes by Jello Biafra, Hank Williams III, and members of Antiseen, Eyehategod and Sourvein. A must!

BLOWFLY



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Blowfly, the original dirty rapper from the golden age of irreverence, the 1970s, returns with his first album since 1988. This 60 year old super-hero of political incorrectness brings us an election piss-take of epic proportions - taking on issues like pussy, booty, Condoleezza Rice, and boogers with equal vigor. This blue humor will color voters of all states...

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After 20 years of legendary live shows and 12 albums that have been hailed as 'southern punk classics', **Dash Rip Rock** is still kickin' ass at the undisputed kings of Southern Party Rock! This 23-track compilation disc provides the perfect introduction to the band for the uninitiated, and a great drinking soundtrack for the band's beer-hounding faithful. Bottoms up!

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| 5 The Lift, Broke, | 26 Joe Chisholm's
Great Big Thing |
| Dural 6, Sun Cloud | 27 YMCA charity show w/
Banding Together |
| 7 Magstatic, | 28 Victrola, Sons of Guns |
| Nothing Ever Stays | 29 Da Verse |
| 8 SLUG Localized w/ Cartl,
The Album, | 30 Kan'nal |
| Captured! by Robots | |
| 9 The Rubes | |
| 10 Dirty Birds, Nate Padley
benefit show | |
| 11 VHS or Beta, Electric
Six, The Howl | |
| 12 Cabaret Voltage
w/ O Discordia | |
| 13 DMBQ, Red Bennies,
The Album | |
| 14 Humane Society benefit
show w/ Banding Together | |
| 15 Evil Beaver, Starmy,
Dead Rite to Drag | |
| 16 Stonefed,
Out Time in Space | |
| 19 Six Sided Box | |
| 20 Longview, Dulce Sky,
Victrola | |
| 21 Coldfire | |

Photo: Jon K.

Apparently I need to address this "women in metal" issue now. I'm not misogynistic by any means, but ... SHUT THE FUCK UP. So, you pee sitting down and happen to sing in a metal band. So what!? If you'll recall last month, I reviewed the bands **Funerus** and **Estuary**—one has a female bass player, the other a (very brutal—I'm talking LOW growls!) female vocalist. So there's no need to wear T-shirts proclaiming "I am woman" or talk about how hard it was to be a girl in a band. **Arch Enemy** and **Evanescence**—fuck off! Get over yourselves. On to business ...

Butcher's block

Written By The Butcher Himself

Impaled

Death After Life

Century Media Records

As I scraped shredded meat off of the scalpels and saws on my block, I noticed the pus oozing from the new Impaled disc. Pathological waste in the form of oozing riffage at once encrusted my eardrums. It was at this point that I deduced the flesh-shredding addition of two different low vocalists and the high, gurgling ones that so tormented me during previous operations with this unit of medical malpractice. Slimy, infectious death metal in the vein of **Carcass** and **Exhumed** is what awaits, aside from your eventual evisceration and aural dissection. This is the fifth release from the band, which actually started when main PhD Ross Sewage quit Exhumed to start his own practice.

Bloodbath

Nightmares Made Flesh

Century Media Records

Sweden is home to a lot of totally shitty bands these days. Bloodbath is not one of them. This band has actually existed for almost six years now. Don't let the founding members' more accessible full-time gigs (**Edge of Sanity**, **Opeth**) fool you—Bloodbath is a serious nod to the old school of death metal! This particular release sees more aggression, sometimes slower paced, with the great topics of death metal that we've come to love—death, pestilence, gore and death. Did I mention **Hypocrisy's Peter Tagtgren** replaces that Opeth pussy on here? Well, he does. Peter's low vocals are second to none.

Nightrage

Descent into Chaos

Century Media Records

Sweden is home to a lot of shitty bands these days. This is one of them. When, oh when, will Tomas Lindberg die?



Lost Soul

Chaostream

Earache Records

By the horns of Satan, I had to listen to this album twice just to make sure it was as insanely kick ass as I first thought it was! INDEED it was! When you hear Lost Soul, you will KNOW that you have been brutalized and punished to the extreme! The bass and guitars combine like a juggernaut of mechanized mayhem, with the rapid-fire piston sounds of the drums provided by a REAL drummer. Did I mention the drums kick ass on this? THEY KICK ASS. You MUST get this release if you like it hard and fast, bitch! Did I mention the kick-ass drums on here? Are you sick of me yet? Then go pick this up! Get it NOW! Be in on the phenomenon from the beginning ...

Guitars: BC Rich import and USA, Epiphone, ESP, F Bass, Fender, G&L, Gibson, Gretsch, Hamer, Heritage, Ibanez, Lakland, Modulus, MTD, Parker, Paul Reed Smith, Spector, Squier, Tacoma, Takamine, Tobias, Tom Anderson, Warwick, Zon

Amplifiers: AER, Ampeg, Bad Cat, Bogner, Bruno, Crate, Fender, Gallien-Krueger, Krank, Marshall, Matchless, Mesa-Boogie, Orange, Rocktron, SWR, Trace-Elliott, Tech 21, VHT, Victoria, Vox

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HEADPHONES

A Column Dedicated to House Music By Nick James

WMC was a blast—we're back and glad to share what the latest is from the hottest DJs and artists from around the globe. Next month (May) check out our review of WMC and what experiences we had. As far as Headphones this month—great promos from some of the best labels in the biz. Thank you. nickjames@slugmag.com

Groove Junkies ft. Indeya Music's Gotcha Jumpin' MoreHouse Records

The Los Angeles super-duo Groove Junkies are back and more powerful than ever. This time, they rediscover the classic MoreHouse sound of soul and jazz rhythms by hitting the top with soul-funk and disco flavors, all encompassing the stirred vocals of diva Indeya (from "Oh Lord" and "Gonna Get By"). Overflowing the mixing board with Rhodes, strings, saxophone and of course, the classic workings of GJ beats—it's sure to be one of the hottest this year. Including the "Soul Excursion Mix," a laid-back groover (but still strong), and "Main Room Funky Madness," a thought-out dance floor winner full of excitement and passion. www.morehouserecords.com

Grant Nelson Life

Swing City
If you had a chance to check out GN live, last month @ The W Lounge (downtown SLC), then you know what he delivers as a DJ. Now you have a chance to comprehend his magic in the studio. This latest release from the man of many sides illustrates the first-class skill.

required to own such a genius. Appearing again with another dance-floor winner, "Life" represents *Swing City's* funky/disco attitude. Expressed in two mixes: "Original," a bumper-of-a-groove, and "Discovery Mix," an enjoyable disco trek, finished with spoken word. www.swingcity.co.uk www.nyze.com (Thanks Hannah!)

Liquid People pres. Danism ft Heidi Love "Inside my Soul" MN2S

Liquid People have become established as one of the UK's more desired productions teams by way of labels, including *Africanism*, *Defected*, *Fluential* and *Peppermint Jam*, to name a few. These heavy-hitters are back at it and they're articulating with more precision than ever. Produced by Dan Smith and his studio partner Nu: tone, along with DJ/production duo Liquid People, "Inside my Soul" features the euphoric vocals of British singer Heidi Love accompanied by Jamiroquai's remarkably talented guitarist Rob Harris. Including three tracks, with remix duty set for Denmark's Morten Trust (a.k.a. Soulmagic), this latest from MN2S is blowing up on every chart on the globe. www.mn2s.com

Masdararai ft Sirius "Forget You" (Robbie Rivera mixes) i Trax

Originally produced by West London's Masdararai, a member of the *Lazy Habits Collective*, this latest release from record label iTrax is a sure dance-floor success. Featuring vocals by Sirius, in a provocative sense; big room DJs pleasure to droppin' this number. The highlight of this release is remix duty assigned to Robbie Rivera. Having worked with labels including *Subliminal*, *Defected*, *Azuli*, *Postica*, *Sony* and *Universal*, he has also worked his magic remixing with other artists, such as *Faithless*, *Moloko*, *Sinead O'Connor* and has produced a Grammy-winning remix of Kylie Minogue's "Come Into My World." Essentially, what are you waiting for? Isn't it about time you ordered this sweet baby? www.itrax.com



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BOOKS ALOUD

Please Feed Me: A Punk Vegan Cookbook

Niall McGuirk

Soft Skull Press

www.softskull.com

This cookbook is just as much a photographic and historical tour of punk in Dublin as it is a collection of delicious vegan recipes. Why punk? As author Niall McGuirk explains, "Together, we would change the world. We saw music as a means of getting across a message through fun." McGuirk has been involved in the Dublin punk scene since 1984: booking gigs, playing in bands, and working with the Hope Collective, a group of DIY friends who got bands like Fugazi, The Membranes, Bikini Kill, Bis, Team Dresch and Quicksand (to name a few) to tour Ireland. McGuirk recounts many of the events leading up to gigs during and after the fading of the Hope Collective. He says, "I gave up eating meat in 1984, at a time when many others were doing so, as Morrissey had encouraged." With over 120 pages, each headlined with performing bands, the date they played, photos and stories about who helped make it a success, *Please Feed Me* will entertain even the most knowledgeable punk rock aficionados. Recipes were contributed by band members, and are organized by the date of their performances in Ireland. The meals are easy to concoct, and are comprised of easy-to-find ingredients like steak sauce, molasses and tortillas. "Nut Burgers" (from *Saru Vegetarian Guest House*), is one particularly quick and delicious dish. Next, I plan on preparing "Artichoke Casserole with Pine Nuts," a recipe submitted by Luke Sutherland of Long Fin Killie and Mogwai. Mmmm ... vegetables. —Jennifer Nielsen

The Trouble With Music

Mat Callahan

AK Press

www.akpress.com

Who better than a seasoned musician to give us a leftist critique of the corrupt corporate music industry? As a rallying cry to independent musicians and freethinkers everywhere, Mat Callahan, guitarist for world-beat combo *The Looters*, felt it due time for such a diatribe and rose to the call. This is something I think all who are interested in music should seek out. In fact, I feel that it's more important for those only remotely interested in music to hear what Callahan has to say in order to be exposed to the seedy underbelly that is the business side of the music industry. Not only that, but it can act as a starting point to find out if what you're buying is truly honest music, or if it's soulless money-making fodder with which rich music industry fat-cats expand their wallets. In *The Trouble With Music*, the reader is urged to turn off their radios and seek out genuine, interesting music by other means (no, not MTV2). Herein we are also alerted to the subject of "anti-music" (you know, that jive-ass shit you hear when walking through the mall) which, for one thing, is determined to replace quality with celebrity. As Callahan heartily expresses, it is not the production of music that makes the music business run. It is the production of stars and hits that is done by massive and increasingly costly promotion. This book will change the way you think about music forever. The world needs more thinkers like Mat Callahan. —Jared Soper

924 Gilman the Story so Far...

Compiled by Brian Edge

Maximum Rockroll

www.maximumrockroll.com

For me there are very few truly pure musical places in the world today. At the top of my list are *Sun Studios* in Memphis, *CBGB's* in New York, and maybe the purest, *924 Gilman* in Berkeley. It was out of frustration that there was not a decent all-ages venue in Berkeley that a group of young adults opened *Gilman*. The venue has become a landmark of DIY culture and continues to stick to the basis on which it was founded. "924 Gilman collective, no racism, no sexism, no homophobia, no drugs, no alcohol, no violence, all ages, volunteer run" is what the sign says on the back cover, and after all the crazy stories I read from these pages, I have to agree this is the best way to run an all-ages venue. Now I could run off a list of impressive band names that have played at, and been given their start on, the stage at *Gilman* over the years, but they've already done that for me in the back of the book where the complete show list from 1986 to 2003 is listed. To me, the Gilman St. venue in Berkeley is the best example of what an underground music scene can accomplish. —James Orme

Spitwads and Shitpaper: Used Paper Art at SL Art Center for April Gallery Stroll

By Mariah Mellus



Nancy Chunn

What will you do with this copy of SLUG Magazine? How long will it take you to read it? Will you store it with the rest of your old magazines, thinking you will someday need or want to read it again? Maybe you'll make a collage on your wall of those scintillating girls from the KRCL show *Local Imposters*. SLUG's own Camilla Taylor makes buttons for friends. I personally put magazines in the bathroom to be used as toilet paper to encourage unwanted houseguests to leave. The Salt Lake Arts Center's latest exhibit, *The Daily News* (on display until June 1) posed the question, "What kind of imprint has the printed world made on you?" In addition, they explore the question, what do you do with the news when it's not new anymore?

Upon entering the exhibit, my eyes were quickly drawn to Al Souza's encased spitballs. Made from old newspaper, wadded and torn into perfect balls ready to be lodged into a straw and hurled at an unsuspecting bystander. This paper once held history-making information, but now its purpose is to cling to the ceiling in some bathroom.

I delighted in the funny pages by Christopher Finch and the homage to the god of trashy gossip columns, *The Stun*, by Derek Boshier. Paula Sher's work, titled *All the News that Fits*, maintains that you need to only read a quick blurb in order to get all the news you need. Yet you may need to read that blurb over and over again until your mind is inundated with this useless information! Bruce Campbell's work, titled *A Black and White Day*, is censored by the artist which reminds the viewer that we are subject to a less-than-complete view, even in the newspaper. Is it the whole or only a half? Nancy Chunn spent 1996 collecting every front page of the *New York Times*; yes, every day for the entire year! This exhibit features the collection from September of 1996. Organized as a calendar in chronological order, you see warnings of crisis and devastation juxtaposed next to stories of relief and celebrations. Chunn used watercolors and pastels to unify the events. This unified look also brings to light that the seemingly random events, when seen as a whole, are not so random. Pat Boas has made art out of finding the patterns within the random. Her work, *All Heads on the Front Pages*, documents the similarities in the formatting of a front page.

This show is so intelligent and imaginative you, too, may be inspired to look at the old news in a new way! The Salt Lake Art Center is free to the public, open daily Tuesday through Thursday and Saturday 10a.m. to 5p.m.; open late Fridays from 10a.m. to 9p.m. and Sunday from 1p.m. to 5p.m. It's located at 20 S. West Temple. For more information, call 801-328-4201.

Glitter Gutter Trash

Rosetta Stone *Adrenaline Deluxe* Cleopatra

In the late 80s, goth had become a bombastic beast that for better or worse was bent on imploding. It had grown from the small seedy clubs of London into the ugly stepchild the UK press tried to edit out of the family photos. No surprise then, that by the mid-90s, the giants were either in exile or splintered into inferior versions of themselves and the British press were given their moment to revel; goth was dead. Then someone had to go and spoil their party with a hit called "The Witch" and a bitter intensity combined with intelligence that made Port King and Karl North's Rosetta Stone impossible to ignore. *Adrenaline Deluxe* finds the band mastering the sound the Sisters of Mercy set out to define with *First and Last and Always* but somewhat abandoned as the carousel of musicians defined the band as much as the music.

Adrenaline was never really a proper album in the sense that, like The Cure's *Boys Don't Cry*, it is a compilation of tracks pulled from their debut *An Eye for the Main Chance* and subsequent singles, but it plays out like a near-masterpiece nonetheless. Massive and epic in every regard, these songs became the staple, the model for the prototypical goth-club album of the 90s. Sure, at this point they weren't the first, last or always, but they were the absolute best. Not bad, considering it isn't even close to being Rosetta Stone's best material. This re-issue of the original American release also includes the *Foundation Stones* (early Sister-influenced-heavy demos and live tracks) and the *Epitome EP*, which includes remixes of "Adrenaline," "The Witch" and their brilliant take on "Sisters are Doing it For Themselves." One could contend a better packaging would have been to include tracks previously unissued in America (a handful from the original *An Eye for the Main Chance* album, recordings from their live album *Under the Rose* or the compilation of single tracks and remixes *On the Side of Angels*) and the brief liner notes misrepresent the band in almost every regard, but all in all, this is required listening for anyone who ever lined their eyes.

Orbit Service *Twilight* www.orbitservice.com

Stark and slow swirling Denver's Orbit Service drift along like transmissions lost in the vastness of space while keeping a frighteningly claustrophobic sound. There are jazz- and military snare-influenced drums, wind chimes, lightly chorused, plucked acoustics and bowed guitars, atmospheric keyboards scoring along implying that at any given moment it could all come crashing down in some strange epiphany. In "How I Know ou Lie," the album is all summed up perfectly in the lyric. "Under the waves I can't leave I can't stay and I'm swimming in schools with my sorrows." ou're on your last breath and the water is coming in, you can see the light above you as it penetrates the water but in the end, you know no one who sleeps at the bottom of the ocean ever wakes.

The Dead Science *Bird Bones in the Bughouse* Absolutely Kosher

The drummer plays in a jerky, attacking motion that reminds me of *Tori Amos*. The vocals are hushed, falsetto and reaching for a dramatic beauty that falls between the dissonance of the guitars and stand-up bass. It's mutant jazz on downers twitching along in a disregard for formula. *Bird Bones* is sometimes beautiful and fragile and still often bitter and painful to the touch. Probably too artsy for its own good and far too pretty, because you know somewhere beneath the surface there is something more interesting than what you're being given.

A Psychotic Candyland full of glam, glitz, trashy pop, new wave, no wave, post everything, retro futurisms and distorted beauty

by ryan michael painter rien@davidbowie.com

Erasure *Nightbird* Mute

On Erasure's last release, *Other People's Songs*, Vince Clark and Andy Bell sounded tired. Their bag of tricks had been spent, reducing them to an album of poorly constructed cover songs, and even though it pushed the duo back onto the radar in America, it was quite easily their worst effort to date. *Nightbird* is a resurrection of sorts, with its bubbling analogs and dancey pop hooks. Granted, it doesn't have the highs of *The Innocence* or *Chorus* and isn't as experimental as their overlooked self-titled masterpiece, but it is a return to what lifted Erasure towards the top above the vast synthpop field in the 80s and allowed them to endure the 90s when the press turned their noses upward at the lighthearted nature of Erasure's music by devoting their allegiance to the *Pet Shop Boys*, who had redefined themselves as serious musicians. I think 2005 needed a solid pop album full of love and distraction and in *Nightbird*, Erasure have delivered it.

Billy Idol *Devil's Playground* Sanctuary

Having placed himself in a self-imposed exile, the majority of the last decade was decidedly Idol-less. Billy was off losing himself in cyberpunk culture (rather prophetic, considering *The Matrix* was far from view) and the excesses that defined him as one of the 80s most reckless superstars. Then there was *The Wedding Singer* and a reunion with guitarist *Steve Stevens*—the world seemed primed for a revitalized Idol. Does *Devil's Playground* deliver? Quite assuredly, yes. Sure, it sounds a bit like a redux of 1985, but it also pulses along flamboyantly like a Billy Idol release should. Even the occasional silly lyric, odd placement of "Yellin' at the Xmas Tree" and slowing down with "Plastic Jesus" and "Cherie" doesn't derail what essentially could be the best guilty pleasure of the year. Face it, you've always loved Billy Idol and he's just given you another reason why.

Photo: AHB



Ffa Coffi Pawb *Am Byth* Empyrean

Before Gruff Rhys was mesmerizing the world with *Super Furry Animals*, he and a cast of characters who would go on to play in *Gorky's Zygotic Mynci*, *Mogwai* and *Cornelius* were kicking around Wales as Ffa Coffi Pawb. *Am Byth* is a compilation pulled from their three albums and various 12" releases and compilation appearances. All the vocals are in Welsh and delivered so off the cuff and casually that I can't help but wonder how much alcohol was consumed in these recordings. It also seems that the band had somewhat of an identity crisis in that from time to time they sound like the diet version of the *Jesus and Mary Chain* and at others they're clearly influenced by the Manchester sound that rolled about with the *Stone Roses* and *Happy Mondays*. It doesn't make for a very coherent album, but despite that, it is an interesting, and for me preferable, look at the early roots of a celebrated musician. Essential for SFA fans; good listening for the rest of us.

MODUS OPERANDI

by oneamysseven, oneamysseven@kommandzero.net

Along with the days getting longer and the birds chirping, bands announcing tour dates is one of the most anticipated signs of spring. On May 1, **Pigface**, **Sheep on Drugs** and **Nocturne** blow into town with the *Free for All* tour. It's a "free" show ... of sorts. When you pay to get in, you will get two merchandise coupons (one for a CD and one for a shirt at the show) that value the door. Good marketing. **Assemblage 23** and

Backandtotheleft will make their final stop on the *Storm Tour* at Area 51 on Sat., May 14. In the last few months, I have been participating in some experimental noise-type shows that have been the perfect break from regular industrial shows. Because of the nature of these acts performing in a non-commercial venue, you will have to e-mail me to subscribe to the announcement list: oneamysseven@kommandzero.net.

Combachrist *Everybody Hates You* Metropolis

In the last year, Combachrist has released some of the best music to cross my desk in a long time. It's lighthearted, evil, sexy, danceable and delicious. Fifteen years ago, I felt the same way about **Nitzer Ebb**; it got in the veins and you were hooked. "This s*it will fcuk you up" is a fantastic crunchy intro into the madness of the 13 dance-floor hits. "Enjoy the Abuse" is next in the addictive disc with violent lyrics and irresistible catchiness. Originally released on the limited (666) *Blut Royale 12"* and later on the **Sex, Drogen und Industrial** single, "Blut Royale" and "like to thank my buddies" are more aural bloodbath favorites. As silly as "Happy Fcuking Birthday" is lyrically, you won't mind playing it repeatedly and dancing like a crazy fool on your birthday. What I love about Combachrist is the concept of being part of the sexy, violent army of music-lovers and, while it's obviously a joke, it's not trashy in a **Genitorturers** kind of way. Rumor has it that Combachrist will be touring the US this year—if you thought the energy for **Icon of Coil** was good, I can only imagine what **Andy LaPlegua** is like at a Combachrist show.

Lights of Euphoria *Gegen Den Strom* Metropolis

It's common nowadays that if your album isn't good enough to stand alone, you should add some remixes from artists that people like. Lights of Euphoria were smart enough to do that for the limited-edition North American release of *Gegen Den Strom* (Against the River). The 12 tracks with remixes from **Punto Omega** and **State of the Union** don't manage to break through the clutter of mediocre electronic music and monotony on the latest release for the German act. By adding five more songs, a total of 17 for the US edition, they manage to make it bearable. **Rotersand** remixes "The Night," bringing in some depth and groove to the original. "Feel the Pain (**Heqq** remix)" adds a completely different direction with IDMish minimal, distant crunchiness. **Glis** remixes "White Wall" for more poppy dance-floor goodness. "A Moment of Past," the final track and a Lights of Euphoria original, manages to do something different with robotic beats and cleaner vocals. Lights of Euphoria had more going for them before the genre evolved into this futur-pop/techno-trance hybrid.

Foetus (Not Adam) Birdman Records

Foetus is an act most rivetheads are not familiar with. Since 1981, **Jim Thirwell** made his mark as an early industrial pioneer working with the likes of **Throbbing Gristle**, **Coil** and **Lydia Lunch**. Surprises ensue when putting Foetus in for a listen. The title track of the single, "(Not Adam)," is a potpourri of weirdness with crazy evil vocals blaring over violin rampage and harpsichord sweetness. "Miracle (**Jay Wasco** Remix)" rocks it out with the mayhem of drums, guitars and the maniacal screams of the man who scares me more than **Genesis P-Orridge**. **Ricky Ricardo**'s band from *I Love Lucy* could have written the saxophone salsa on "Not in Your Hands," but surely that is collaboration that would never happen. The final track, "Time Machines On (End Remix)" is another hard-to-classify, rock-out, surfer-dude piece which is fun in a non-industrial way. Foetus has always been entertaining but hardly listenable, yet still interesting enough to keep tabs on. The single is a preview of the full-length album, *Love* (read SLUG's review of *Love* in the national CDs section of this issue).

Wumpscut *Blondi* Metropolis

Blondi was the name of **Hitler**'s German Shepherd. Coincidence or not, *Blondi* is the name of Rudy's latest bitch. Not even a year since *Bone Peeler*, this six-track single, with two original tracks, previews for the latest, *Evoke*. It starts with military camp sirens for "Rush," a catchy, danceable, 4/4, monotonous, very Wumpscut-sounding song. **Dismantled** and **Naked Beat** both remix the song, but fail to do anything impressive. **Der Blutharsch**, who brilliantly remixed "Achtung" on *Preferential Legacy & Music for a German Tribe*, offer powerful rawness and deconstruct "Rush" the way it should be. "Don't Go" brings in female vocalist Jane M. singing horribly repetitive lyrics along with Rudy on top of heavy percussion and an overly simplistic melody. The Wumpscut remix of "Don't Go" attempts to go electro-clash à la **Fischerspooner**, which is grating at first, but eventually becomes catchy. It still ends up being about two to three minutes too long. I never thought we would see the day that Rudy went pop.



Photo: kelly badger

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Soccer Dad



and The People in
your Neighborhood:

TRUE TALES OF AN SLUG CABBIE

by The Incredible
Gadanton

So I was parked in front of Port O' Call around 10p.m., playing Tetris on my crappy phone and listening to the divine sounds of Television on *Local Imposters* (Wednesday nights, KRCL 90.1FM). Then two dudes got into my cab, disturbing my happy little microcosm. They were extremely well dressed, extremely rich and extremely flashy about it. Oh yeah, and they were total yuppie assholes. I took them to a restaurant in Sugarhouse, waited for them to eat, then took them back to their hotel (*The Grand America*, of course). In the space of the hour or so that it took to do this, they ordered six escorts (three blondes and three Latinas—"Salt and Pepper action") to meet them back at their hotel at midnight. (Six!?!?) They also each individually waved wads of cash in my face that were at least two grand thick and made condescending comment after condescending comment about my lowly station in life. Yes, the thought of offing them both and then dumping their fancy-ass corpses in the west desert did cross my mind. As is, though, I simply accepted their \$150 for the \$40 fare, left work early, and tried to make last call at *Murphy's*.

After parking cab #32 (I had gotten the minivan—pretty awesome) and turning in my paperwork, I checked my watch. 12:08a.m. I'm too cheap to actually take taxis myself, and I had loaned my car to my friend Kat earlier, so I decided to walk it. Of course, after leaving taxi headquarters on 700 West and 1000 South, I found a train blocking my way. Worse than that, it wasn't even moving. Fuck. I started walking northbound, parallel to the idle train, when it hit me—dude, I'm a pedestrian. I could just step through this thing, right? I walked a little deeper into the switchyards off 800 South and 600 West and looked around. Nobody. O.K. I stepped up onto a ladder on the side of a particularly friendly-looking boxcar and then the train began to move.

"Oh cool," I thought, "I'll just ride this shit to about 200 South and hop off. I'll definitely make last call."

I really didn't think that a train could accelerate much in five-and-a-half blocks, but damn if I wasn't wrong. By the time I had snaked my way through the middle of two boxcars and grabbed the ladder on the other side, we were passing 400 South and going at least 20 mph. I looked ahead and deduced that the train was turning west up there by *The Trapp*. If I didn't hop off soon, I'd end up at the Great Salt Lake. I looked at the gravel speeding by below and cursed my idiocy. 300 South. I waited for a break in the gravel, some nice soft grass, maybe. No breaks. No grass. Oh shit. Okay, 200 South. And then there was a break. Some mud. I ... 2 ... pump legs mid-air and maybe I'll hit the ground running ...

As I picked myself up and realized that I wasn't hurt or really that dirty even (way more due to luck than my mid-air leg-pumping skills, probably), I checked my watch. 12:17a.m. Only six blocks 'til *Murphy's*, six blocks 'til cold beer served by the lovely bartenders, Amy and/or Katie. Ahhh. As I walked east on 200 South, my city looked tranquil, ready to envelop me. The blue neon emanating from the Wells Fargo building gave me the tingles. The cash in my pocket felt splendid. And it was beautiful.

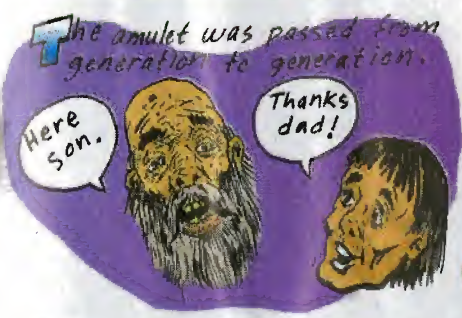
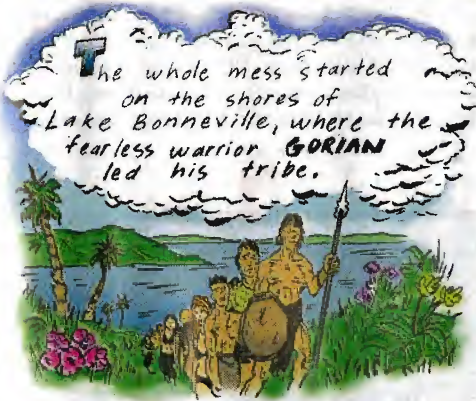
Yes, the thought of
offing them both
and then dumping
their fancy-ass
corpses in the west
desert did cross my mind.

JUNK CITY

HOW SLIM LOST HIS LUCK.



#2



Split Your Lungs with Blood And Thunder: A Story About Mastodon's Ability To Rule Us All

By Chuck Berrett

In the winter of 2002, my friends asked me if I wanted to go out to *Burt's Tiki Lounge* and check out some metal band from Atlanta named **Mastodon**. I declined since I had never heard of them and I was burnt out on bars in general. When they all told me how stupid I was the next day, I brushed it off. My friends liked so many bands at the time that I just assumed they were another power metal band, and I hadn't missed much. Then I bought **Mastodon's** first full-length album, *Remission* (Relapse Records). I've never forgiven myself to this day ...

Last year proved to be another year of destroying the planet for **Mastodon**. *Leviathan* (Relapse) was released in 2004, and has been hailed by *Terrorizer Magazine*, *Revolver Magazine* and *Kerrang!* as "Album Of The Year," and rightfully so. *Leviathan* is just as complex, indefinable and crushing as 2002's equally acclaimed *Remission*. In a vaguely conceptual manner, **Mastodon** re-tell Herman Melville's classic tale of *Moby Dick*. The epic story of a man driven to manic obsession by his hunt for a great yet fictional white whale is just as twisted and gargantuan as the music of **Mastodon**. Last month, I had the honor of conversing with **Troy Sanders** (vocalist and bassist) about his band's decision to follow the theme of Melville's novel.

"Well, the story of *Moby Dick* paralleled the lives of the four dudes in **Mastodon** so much, it was too easy for us to pick and pull similarities to **Captain Ahab's** character and the pursuit of the whale, and the dedication, persistence and sacrifice," says Troy. "The longevity of his trip was almost like what we've done in our band for the past five years. So we just thought it would be cool to do something themed—not a direct concept album—but something themed with water and creatures, which we're all fascinated with."

The success within the past four years for these four guys has been unparalleled by any metal band I can remember. From their first release in 2001 with the *Lifesblood* EP (Relapse) and two full-length albums later, **Mastodon** has emerged with style and presence that no critic or fan can ignore.

"All of the reviews have been super positive, and it's nice to know that beyond writers and critics, the whole spectrum of music fans have enjoyed it," says Troy. "We didn't ever go into it to write albums that would please everyone; we just wanted to do an album that we'd love. Playing an eclectic brand of heavy rock, it's nice to know there is some 'mass appeal' for our range of listeners." **Mastodon's** music has never been accessible in any sense of the popular music world. Each album is swept by signature acoustic intros and sandwiched by non-describable riffs of such a complicated and brutal nature that it's hard to imagine a world of people who could withstand its demand of focused attention. The vocals are poetic yet monstrous, and yet again, entirely human and understandable. Rhythmically, **Mastodon** will make your brain swell (particularly if you're a drummer), but they keep their tempos driven and direct. They walk a hair's-width line between abstract art noise and straightforward power rock. By avoiding the confines of death-metal or black-metal or any other category of extreme music, they've afforded themselves the opportunity to create a truly monolithic sound that no one but **Mastodon** could ever take credit for or reproduce.

"Our influences are, of course, going to collectively come out through the music and we're fortunate enough to really tap into it," says Troy. "We made kind of a big brew, or concoction of what we do and the end result is a band that has hundreds of different hairs of varied influences. When we all got together five years ago, we were all collectively into **Thin Lizzy**, **Iron Maiden**, **Neurosis**, **The Melvins** and **The Jesus Lizard**, and it



was that core of five bands we all loved. Individually, however, our tastes go through an entire rainbow of music."

Scott Kelly (**Neurosis**) provides backing vocals on *Leviathan's* "Aqua Dementia," while Neil Fallon (**Clutch**) wails over the choruses of the opening track, "Blood And Thunder." Although this record belongs entirely to **Mastodon**, the collaborations with these artists add even more horsepower to the final composition.

"Well, we've all been friends with Scott; he's a great dude, and **Neurosis** is an enormous influence on all of us," says Troy. "When we were writing that song ("Aqua Dementia"), it reminded us of early **Neurosis**, so we called him and he said he'd be honored. We were like, "Holy shit, we'd be honored!". The Neil Fallon idea came up because we've done three different tours, 87 shows to be exact, with **Clutch**. We thought the vocals on that part should be like a captain, or just a demanding type voice. Neil's face and voice just kinda popped in our brains, so we asked him. He flew out to Seattle and recorded; got back on a plane to DC the same day."

Touring has been **Mastodon's** life for the past five years. Like any real, great rock band, they've spent an obscene amount of time on the road. When I spoke to Troy, he had just gotten home three days prior from five weeks across Europe and a week across Japan with **Converge** and **Isis**. If I had any idea how to get away with armed robbery, I would have flown to the far East to see that, which easily must have been one of the most destructive tours in history.

"It was phenomenal," says Troy. "While we were there, all three bands respected and appreciated each other's music so much, but we got along great as friends as well. So, we talked about how that tour would just be crushing if we could take it across the U.S. At the same time, we're all booked through the better part of the year. We're booked through

"We didn't ever go into it to write albums that would please everyone; we just wanted to do an album that we'd love."

September ourselves, so I don't know how or when that will happen, but we all agreed that we need to do this in the future."

Along with their own headlining tour for the next couple of months, they will be one of the bands on this year's *Ozzfest* tour. So I may be able to erase my regrets of missing them play to 10 people at *Burt's Tiki Lounge* by seeing them twice this year.

"That lineup is a solid group of bands this year," says Troy. "**Arch Enemy**, **In Flames**, **Rob Zombie**, **Killswitch Engage** and us, oh, and **The Haunted**. And then at the end of the night, you've gotta see **Black Sabbath** and **Iron Maiden**. Oh, life is tough, man."

I'm not going to pretend I'm not biased. **Mastodon** is definitely my favorite metal band in the entire world, and they have been for the past couple of years. Actually, they're in my top three of all time, with **Iron Maiden** and **Neurosis**. Don't take my word for it, though. Regardless of what you're into, you need to check these guys out. Buy their records and really listen to them as compositions, then come with me on Monday, April 11, to the *Lo-Fi Café* (127 S. West Temple) and see what kind of wreckage we can cause in our ear canals. **Mastodon** wield thunder that would make Thor jealous. I thank them for the restoration of originality in the metal scene when things were getting so dull and similar.



Big Black Monsoon: Yyrkoon Unleashes a New Storm With Occult Medicine

By Bryer Wharton

Coming from France's *Osmose Productions* as well as Salt Lake City's *The End Records* is French metal thrashers **Yyrkoon**. After humble beginnings in 1995, the band released their debut full-length album, *Oniric Transition*, in 1998 and *Dying Sun* in 2002. Progressing to a different sound, the band's third release, *Occult Medicine*, is a steamroller of a record, crushing all refuse in its path, leaving wreckage and the battered and bruised listener in its wake. SLUG had the chance to catch up with guitarist and vocalist Stef to learn the band's history, influences and talk about the French metal scene.

SLUG: So how did Yyrkoon get started?

STEF: Yyrkoon was formed in 1995. We began to play melodic death/black metal. Quickly we decided to record a demo tape and one year later, we've done *Oath Obscure*, *Occult*... This stuff allowed us to enter the underground metal world and to find a deal for our first album with the label **VMI (Velvet Music International)**. In 1998, our debut album, *Oniric Transition*, got out.

In 2000 we made a two-song CD titled *Forgotten Past to send out to labels again*. We found a new deal with a very young label, **Anvil Corp.** *Dying Sun*, our second full-length, came with much better production. That brought to the label foreign distribution, especially in Japan and Russia, where we get a very good response. In November 2003 that we decided to move to Hansen Studios in Denmark to record our third album, *Occult Medicine*.

SLUG: You guys definitely have an interesting name, how did the name come about?

STEF: Yyrkoon is the name of a sorcerer from *Elric Saga*, a dark heroic fantasy novel wrote by an American writer named **Michael Moorcock**. We chose to call our band Yyrkoon in 1995 for its original sonority and orthograph... our concept is not based at all on *Elric* and this novel. This is the problem when you choose to take a proper name; a lot of people imagine that the band concept is linked to the name.

SLUG: When and how did you and/or the other members start playing music?

STEF: We all have an education linked to music. For myself, since I was one year old I've been exposed to rock n' roll and hard rock; my father was a guitarist and I think that was a motivation for me to begin music. Jeff, the second guitarist, took piano lessons and was really sensitive to hard rock: that's why he learned guitar after. Victor (bass guitar) has played guitar since he was around 10, and was attracted to bass guitar when he discovered bands like **Iron Maiden**, **Megadeth**, **Motörhead**. Music is really important for us, for our own life's balance. I think that we could never stop playing music; it's too vital for us now.

SLUG: I don't know much about the French metal scene. Can you describe what it's like?

STEF: The French metal scene is evolving very quickly at this moment. Bands are working very hard to produce quality albums and good live shows. Five years before, except for **Loudblast** and **Massacra**, very few people knew about French bands. Today, other countries seem more open to the idea that France has a real potential with its metal bands, and they are right! Listen to **Searge**, **Gojira**, **Kronos**, **Trepalium**, **Benighted**, **Arkhn Infautus**, **Phazm**... and of course, **Yyrkoon**, hehe. You will not be disappointed!



Photo by ©Antoine Galfais-Billaud

SLUG: From what you know of the States' metal scene, how would you compare it to Europe's or France's?

STEF: Well, the States were here from the beginning. Europe too... France, not really! Hehe. We suffer from a lack of support. People prefer to buy and to support stranger's band, as if they are afraid of their country's output. Things are changing slowly; it's beginning to be more acceptable. You have killer and shitty bands everywhere... in the States, Europe and even in France. When the music is good, whether you are Polish or French, it's good!

SLUG: I read in your bio that the band's current sound now is different than it was in the past. Can you explain the style difference and why the change?

STEF: In the past, we used violins and flutes. Quickly, we saw that it was not at all the way to continue with our music. We were young and we were searching our balance and some tries like these were done. That was not so bad, but we wanted something more aggressive, more heavy, more metal, in fact! We left keyboards and clean vocals too after our second album. Those elements didn't correspond to the

feeling of *Occult Medicine*. With time, we have purified our music and songs. Good vocals, two guitars, drums and a bass are enough to bring to our music what we want. The balance between melody and brutality on this new album is perfect for us. One can say that we needed all this period to find ourselves totally; we don't regret anything about our previous releases. One more important thing about this—people who discovered us before this new stuff, people who enjoyed us for our sense of melody, for our solos and catchy riffs, etc., those people will not discover another band with *Occult Medicine*, we are the same and all these components are still alive in our music... some things have changed but Yyrkoon's characteristics are here! Listen to it!

SLUG: What would you say the band's main influences are?

STEF: Influences? Well, I can cite you some of the bands or authors that we enjoy a lot and who have led us to our result, but we insist on the fact that there is no fun and no deep

interest in copying music and contexts that exist already. We automatically bring our own point of view and "philosophy" to our music. *Occult Medicine* is based on our fascination for medicine in general and especially for all we can imagine through it. Forbidden formulas, hidden experiences, diverse and horrible creations...

Lyricaly, gore for gore does not interest us; we need something more, like a fantastic tension that gives a morbid tone to the whole. I can mention **H.P.**

Lovecraft for his excellent novel *Dr. Herbert West, Re-animator* that influenced me on *Occult Medicine's* concept. We are a fan of **Lovecraft's** stories. Musically, we really like bands like **Morbid Angel**, **Carcass**, **Death**, **Emperor**, **King Diamond**, **Decapitated**, **Coroner**, **Slayer**, **Aborted**, **Entombed**, **Testament**, **Immortal**.

Above all, Yyrkoon was a pleasure to interview, and we hope you learned a bunch. Do not miss checking out the outstanding French metal assault that is *Occult Medicine*.



Local CD Reviews

April CD Release Parties:

Sindolars CD Release: April 1 @ Lo-Fi Café
w/Murder 2 Genocide, Lucador
Glacial CD Release: April 15 @ Kilby
w/Tolchock Trio, Victrola

The Body Call Off the Search Self-Released

The Body = Aesop Rock + Atmosphere + the Roots

Funky sometimes slipping into raga full-instrumental backtracks flow behind flows laid by emcees LoKaL and MiMiC rounding out over an hour of recorded sweet hip-hop smoothness. The first half of tracks find the lyrics a bit lazy, crutching themselves on beaten-out suffix rhymes ("tion," "able," etc.) and self-aggrandizing rants, but the last half is comprised largely of more sincere songs the group has been toying with for years and have finally perfected. My favorite track is "Quarter in the Cup."
getintothebody@yahoo.com —Nate Martin

The Brobecks Happiest Nuclear Winter Self-Released

The Brobecks = Weezer + They Might Be Giants + Flaming Lips + Alkaline Trio
This album isn't over-cute, it's just cute drawn out. *Happiest Nuclear Winter* struts clever through 12 tracks of electro-pop subtle-saccharine with bummed-out lyrics and occasional near-jazz piano ditties. Sad, socially conscious, mostly strange and always beguiling, this aptly-named disc is one of the better basement recordings I've ever heard. As much as I refuse to endorse any ironic cheer/depression pop mergers, this album is goddamned good.
www.brobecks.com —Nate Martin

Facts The F Files: Mixtape Vol. I Lace Em Up

Facts = Bubba Sparxx + The Agents
Facts puts lyrics together as precisely as a watchmaker, and his beats and samples stick to you like flypaper slathered with honey. His remix of "Walks of Life" is 10 times better than the original, and his shout-outs to Utah are pretty cool: "We're like any other state in the West, except we got no rappers in the game with any respect" ("Utah (State that I Rep)"). The hip-hop scene here's the same as the rock scene then. factskills@yahoo.com —Rebecca Vernon

Jesse Michael Garcia A Man of Action

Jesse Michael Garcia = Christian Johanssen + Mr. Rogers
Jesse Michael Garcia. A man of action. An earnest man. A man who likes to write music, play guitar and sing. A man who wants a contract when he plays the *Urban Lounge*. Try to understand; he's been burned before. It doesn't matter what you define as being "burned," just take his word for it. A Man of Action is strange in a repulsively magnetic way, and proves this: it's easy to write a song, but it's hard to write a good song. I just can't get past the out-of-tune vocals. www.jessemichaelgarcia.com —Rebecca Vernon

The Legendary Porch Pounders

A Little Gift: Authorized Bootleg

Self-Released

LPP = Muddy Waters + Bob Dylan

I swore off drinking yesterday, but halfway through the emotionally exhausting second track, "Up for Days," I had one leg swung back up on the wagon. Dan Weldon's lyrics are more folk-poetic than would traditionally accompany many of LPP's Delta blues tunes, but their song structures range anywhere from there to roots to almost Hank Williams country. Bad Brad Wheeler's harmonica moans flesh out Weldon's skeleton picks and strums, nearly voices themselves. Back from a successful SXSW stint with Bill Kirchen, you'll find these boys nursing in Ogden's *Brusksies* almost seven days a week. —Nate Martin

Magstatic

She's Just a Buzz

Pop Sweatshop

Magstatic = Failure + Sugar + Pinback

Plump, solid pop-hooks are as satisfying to the palate as malt balls: sometimes energetically upbeat ("Downtown Girlfriend," "My Little Runaway"), sometimes smoldering crystal-cool ("Run to You," "Bitchin' House"). It's all radio-friendly and better than anything playing on the radio, if you know what I mean. Late 90s big rock sounds intermix with a modern indie sheen and big modern rock sounds like Phantom Planet and BRMC, especially on "Skip 5." One of the best local releases of the year. magstatic@xmission.com, www.magstatic.com —Rebecca Vernon

Purr Bats

Bionic Fresh Moves

State of Deseret/Rest 30

Purr Bats = Purr Bats

They're incomparable, sorry. Salt Lake's best dour synth-disco-spazz band that will kill you with humor while they revive you with succinctness have so many tongues in cheeks it'd be an athletic event to french 'em. Purr Bats move in a more bass-driven, sinister, trip-hoppish, *Massive Attack* direction ("The Jollies to Time-Spent Ratio") at times and a DJ-ish, disco direction at others ("The Poodle Short Circuit," "Thick Dream Residue") on March-released *Bionic Fresh Moves*. Eerie, jazz-fusion back-up vocals abound. The dark underskin of Purr Bats is beginning to overpower the face powder. Yes! info@rest30.com —Rebecca Vernon

Quiet Colors

Self-titled demo

Quiet

Armor for

Quiet

Equal Visions

emo-with-

overtones

music's

Colors = Circa Survive + Sleep

Colors comes off like an band with their melodic-punk-mix. The cloudy-

darkish, but behind it the sun is bursting out orange and glorious, and the big reverby guitars make golden rainbows. Um. Not golden showers. *Armor for Sleep* comes to mind as a pretty good comparison; a more indie flavor like locals *Redd Tape* comes out in "Drowners." In *autre* words, the occasional flailing rock guitar solo fits into the mix. quietcolorbooking@hotmail.com —Rebecca Vernon

Thrashcorps

Self-titled

Thrashcorps = Danzig + Apocalypse Theater + Carnival + Ichi the Killer

There's something really untamed, scary, twisted and sick about Thrashcorps' (formerly *Absinthe*) brutal take on the world, and I don't scare easily, señors. Lo-fi metal combines with hard rock to make a crusty, blistery, bubbly poison potion that will fry your skin off and slowly bore through your bones. Crunchy, chunky riffs with grapeshot drumming will make you feel like you're debarking at Normandy. Quiet guitar-picking spells quell the battle with resigned despair. info@thrashcorpsband.com —Rebecca Vernon

Toob Top Shakur

Live Demo

Toob Top Shakur = Circle Jerks + Sonic Youth

Convincing old-school punk rock post-2000 never sounded so 1982. Toob Top Shakur from Fort Collins is as wild and dangerous as Michael Jackson let loose on the set of *Ramper Room* when the TV cameras aren't running. Or maybe when they are. This live recording of TTS spits out the *The Germs*' loose execution mixed with snotty bravado and snarling, monster-distorted guitars which get almost *Sonic Youth* in "Chemical Burn." Yum yum. —Rebecca Vernon

Eliza Wren

Selections in Time

EW = Radiohead + (Fiery Furnaces - total bizarrry) + Tom Waits

As melancholy and complex as scarcity musicianship can muster, Eliza Wren's (new to SLC from Austin) compositions seem good for sleeping, but great for strange dreaming to. SLUG's own RMP describes her as "a gruff angel of sorts," but only in an eerie heaven could the lost loves Wren speaks of evoke such songs. She's a heap of instruments at her fingers, but seems more

likely to fondle a lone banjo, crisply voicing breath-cut melodies than anything. Welcome to Salt Lake City, Eliza. www.elizawren.com.

—Nate Martin



industrial punk goth cyber electro hardcore



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CD Reviews

25% Toby
Live at the BPL
Bass Propulsion Laboratories
25% Toby = 100%shit
So it turns out that a couple of the jerks from **The Polyphonic Spree** decided to form a punk band for fun. I'm not surprised that this is bad, considering the members' involvement with the aforementioned

colored-robe-wearing cult, but just how bad is ridiculous. Littered with trite, off-key vocals and overly tongue-in-cheek lyrics as well as silly punk muckery, 25% Toby decided to treat us to a couple of cheesy emo-folk ballads and the could-be-a-Ben Folds B-side "Farm Song," just to vary things up a bit. These college-rock dorks playing punk rock is like little kids pretending to be firefighters with their Playskool fire trucks. Give me real rock n' roll over this annoying poser fanfare any day! The best thing about this disc is that it's over in just under 30 minutes. —Jared Soper

A-Sides

Hello, Hello

Prison Jazz Records

A-Sides = Brian Wilson + Revolver + early British Invasion

Listening to the A-Sides is a bit like listening to the memories of someone who came of age in the 1960s. This is pure, unadulterated nostalgia—it's a genuine "60s revival" band, and their love of a decade which they definitely had no part in shines through like a sunny day on the Haight. Their love of the Beatles and other early British 60s bands jumps out on tracks like "Park Avenue," and sometimes their Beach Boys-ish vocals ("Sorry Cloud") force you to picture that contented group of kids sitting down by the shore, not a care in the world, happy and eternally in that moment of youth during a time when everything seemed to be irrevocably changing. —Jamila Roehrig

alaska!

Rescue Through Tomahawk

Altitude Records

alaska! = Echo and the Bunnymen + Radiohead

alaska! nearly died last year when their van flipped over in a snowstorm. Their haunting melodies on *Rescue Through Tomahawk* conjure thoughts of that night—the windswept highway, snow falling around them ... and an urgency to keep going. Songwriter/singer/guitarist Imaad Wasif (of *lowercase*), bassist Russ Pollard (of *Sebadoh*) and drummer Lesley Ishino (of *Red Aunts*) combine to form a power trio that pulls the listener into their world like a dark, brooding force from outer space. Wasif has one of those deep, clear 80s voices, which works particularly well with the pounding basslines and moody guitars. On "The Light," Wasif sounds like Peter Murphy, and on "C The Shape" there is an uncanny touch of Ian McCulloch. The final track, "Stay," is softer, gently letting the listener go with an ethereal sound reminiscent of Tim Buckley. This album gets better with every listen. Don't miss their show on Monday, April 4 at the Lo-Fil —Jamila Roehrig

And You Will Know Us by the Trail of Dead

Worlds Apart

Interscope Records

... Trail Of Dead = The Twilight Singers + 1980's Moody Blues + Green Apple

Quickstep

I'm all about trying new things, diversifying your style and broadening your horizons, but not into the realm of suckage. What the hell happened here? All of A.Y.W.K.U.B.T.T.O.D.'s energy was just vacuumed into some other dimension while they wrote and recorded this record. Yes, they're still talented. Yes, they tried some cool new stuff (particularly the melodic anthem "Let It Dive"), but they lost all presence. I don't care how "heavy" they are, it's how much their music imposes itself on their listeners that has truly suffered. Along with our government, economics and world of mainstream entertainment, Trail Of Dead have fallen into mediocrity. The title track is the nail in the coffin with its juvenile references to pop culture, but I guess the title is fitting. They are "worlds apart" from the band I once loved. Come back from the shadows of Mordor, Trail Of Dead. —Chuck Berrett



"Flash of iron, leather, spikes and swords/Those mighty warriors with metal on their side/Enemies of metal, your death is our reward!" This delicious tidbit from *Deadly Sinners*, the second track on *Advance and Vanquish*, will give you an idea how frickin' sweet this band is. Serious fuck-off metal riffs accompanied by melodic-high Iron Maidenish vocals as well as absolutely brutal At the Gatesish screams bring to mind the very epic battles depicted on the cover of this album. And in case warrior metal isn't your bag (i.e., you suck cock-boogers), there is always the flawless musicianship and track 11, entitled *Destroy the Orcs*. That's right, they went there. —seven5zeroryan

Awesome Cool Dudes

Siam Dunk Contest

Awesome Cool Dudes Records

Awesome Cool Dudes =
Dynamite Hack + Ween (the early Boognish period) + They Might Be Giants + The Bloodhound Gang
Total weirdness. This is the music that smart people make when they huff gas and have access to cheap keyboards. Oh, and if said smart people also happen to have an

affinity for hip-hop, sports trivia and camp humor. Track six, for example, "Geniuses vs 86 Mets," alternates between choral shout-outs to geniuses and the roster of the 1986 New York Mets. The verses containing the names of the geniuses are pseudo-sad, while the verses containing the names of the 1986 Mets are upbeat and celebratory—Lenny Dykstra!!! Keith Hernandez!!! The hip-hop flow and inflection is a cross between Eminem and Gene Ween, and the subject matter is a laundry list of obscure references. Totally ridiculous. Totally original. Totally fucked-up. Totally. —Jesus Harold

The Bludlows

No Be An Arsonist

1,000,000 X No

The Bludlows = Bob Mould + White Stripes — songwriting acumen

After the first couple of tracks, it seems D. Hardwick is onto something with his driving guitar lines and urgent, plaintive lyrics. Then the third track hits and it is repetitive for all of the wrong reasons. "Hate you 'cause you're beautiful"? OK, it's clear after the first two minutes before the stilted monotone over the clumsy three-chord dirge continues until the 6:33 mark. Then your jazzy noodling over one-minute tracks is the other side of terrible. D., you're not D. Boon. Go back and listen to *Double Nickels* again. And just because you have songs called "Baghdad" and "dumbamericans.com" doesn't make you a politico. You almost redeem yourself by incorporating pedal steel and someone besides you playing bass on track six, and your drummer Jerome Berkeley is better than Meg White, but so is Bobby Brady. I'm being harsh: You have four or five good songs. Sorry, dude. —MC Welk

CD Reviews

The Blue Van
The Art of Rolling
TVT Records

The Blue Van = The Kinks + The Dirtbombs + The Doors

Big up to DK—Denmark, that is. In their first release, *The Blue Van*, an energetic Danish quartet prove that rock doesn't discriminate, and that it certainly doesn't segregate. I'm sure you've noticed the recent onslaught of garage-rock revivalists in pop music. They're everywhere! The 'Van are not like any of those *other* bands though. I'm not sure if it's the classic R&B sound that's fused with their garage-esque style, or if it's the reestablishment of the organ's role in rock, but *The Blue Van* are something special. "Baby, I've Got Time" has the most potential to be a radio hit, but the hard-hitting "New Slough" is by far the best song on the record. *The Blue Van* is one of those bands that you love the first time you hear them, and then scorn when they achieve popular success. Please, MTV, let these Danish rockers keep their innocence.

—Ryan Shelton

British Sea Power
Open Season

Rough Trade Records

British Sea Power = Bowie + a bit of the Cure + awesome trees

Rolling Stone called British Sea Power "five Bowie boys from Brighton who specialize in mystical jumbo-size guitar waves." I don't know about that, but they're pretty good at what they do. Their sound derives from 70s and 80s British bands like *The Smiths*, *The Cure* and *Joy Division*, yet they have a sunnier sound and a whimsical stage show complete with totally awesome tree outfits and stuffed birds. *Open Season* is less "angular"—sounding than their debut, *The Decline*...—this time around, there are more jingles and jangles. It's a fine line between sad and cheery on this album, and it's sometimes kind of boring. But it grows on you, like a soundtrack filling up the space all around, until you have to stop what you're doing and really listen. Plus, trees are rad.

—Jamila Roehrig

Broadway Project
The Vessel

Doubling Cube Records

Broadway Project = Godspeed + Massive Attack + Portishead

Not only is the grass greener on the other side, but the music sounds better, too. Once again, the seeds of innovative new music seem to have been planted overseas. *Daniel Berridge* and his "network" of musicians have created a truly remarkable album in *The Vessel*. Originally released in the U.K. in 2003, *The Vessel* is now available in the states completely remastered with four new tracks. *The Vessel* is dark but not melancholic, thanks to the complex rhythmic syncopations that bring the songs to life and give the listener a sense of sexual urgency. That's right, folks; throw your R. Kelly out the window, because *The Vessel* just might provide the best soundtrack for getting down since *Purple Rain*. From middle-eastern auras to the funky-flow avant-garde jazz, the Broadway Project is a diverse musical entity that deserves your respect.

—Ryan Shelton

Civet
Massacre

Disaster Records

Civet = The Distillers first release + Angel City Outcasts + Devotchkas + Die Hunns + Lower Class Brats' latest release

Civet's hard-as-shit style is any young person's (boy or girl) wet dream come true. These women take no crap as they sound like a love child of Brody Dalle back when she was an *Armstrong*, *Corey Parks* in *Die Hunns*, and has the same snarl as *Bones* from *Lower Class Brats* and *Alex Brugge* of *ACO*. Their sound is like *Devotchka's* first album with *LCB's* latest, mixed with pumping choruses and a snarling lead singer. Lyrics of broken hearts, revenge and caring about her droogies sum up Civet. Unfortunately, because there are so few all-girl punk bands today, they will get attention they might not deserve, but with more practice, and sticking together, they will produce an album that can be judged not by their gender, but the content of the CD... which already has a great beginning.

—Katie Maloney

Ethan Daniel Davidson 5

Free the...

Times Beach Records



EDD5 = (Richard Cheese - ironic comedy)
+ Toby Keith + Walker Texas Ranger

If you think song titles are any bit representative of what an album might have in store, then you are in for a disappointing ride with this album. With song titles like "Your Flag Decal Won't Get You Into Heaven Anymore," "Semi-Literate Cowboy Poem" and "Support the War on Nashville," you can tell where this CD is headed. Ethan Daniel Davidson 5's new album is a paltry serving of anarchist politics, country-rock misgiving and punk-rock bravado. It boasts lyrics equally as horrendous as the song titles they illustrate. To quote lyrics from their song, "I can't drink you pretty no matter how much I try/Be it bourbon, tequila, whiskey, stout or wine/No fool or liquid love/It's a shameful wasting pity/Woman, I can't drink you pretty" The same goes for this album: no matter how much I drink, this album still won't be any good.

—Eric Lopez

Consafos

Tilting at Windmills

Greyday Productions

Consafos = Cowboy Junkies + Fiona Apple

Stefanie Drootin knew this day would come—to have the chance to take to the road in support of her first LP for her band Consafos. Since 2000, when the band formed in LA, they have been practicing, recording and making friends to bring them here. Stefanie has been part of the Saddle Creek arsenal of musicians who tour the globe and rotate bands and living spaces that involve *Bright Eyes* and *The Good Life*. *Tilting at Windmills* travels along that

same road, not always so pleasant, but full of memories always seeming to turn down the road less traveled, the road wrought with painful memories about love's addiction and wandering loneliness. Drifting through 10 songs, each has the haunting dark feel of knowing that life happens, not always with colorful endings, but slowly sinking down, staying right above the sorrow that could swallow the whole windmill.

—Josh Scheuerman

The Dexateens

Red Dust Rising

Estrus Records

The Dexateens = Ted Nugent + The Black Keys + Pearlene + Alabama

I reviewed *The Dexateens'* debut album when it was released a year or two ago and I enthusiastically sang its praises. On *Red Dust Rising*, the group tones down a lot of the full head-ragers that predominate on their self-titled release, instead encompassing some more hook-laden power-pop that is filled with grit, not cheese. There is even a whiskey-drinking banjo ditty that breaks up the electric buzz and gives the disc nice balance. The two high-pitched voices of the singers are recorded better and are given their separate times to shine instead of trying to overpower each other as they did on their first record. This is a great revival rock record that takes in elements of the Deep South and blends it into an enjoyable listening and porch-drinking experience that outdoes their first release.

—Kealar7

CD Reviews

The Dickies

Stukas Over Disneyland

Overground Records

The Dickies = Buzzcocks + Devo + X + Cheap Trick

These are eight songs of giddy, giddy goodness; a re-issue of classic songs recorded in both 1980 and in 1983 (after the death of Chuck Wagon).

These guys were Buzzcocks good—a sound so snotty yet so drenched in melody that it was sitting-beside-the-ocean-under-a-gigantic-sun beautiful. The picture of the band in the sleeve makes me wish that it was still so simple—dirty sneakers, skinny ties, new-wave wraparound shades and a fuck-all attitude. Then there's the album cover—a bomber plane dropping death from above onto a profile of Mickey Mouse. Goddamn the good ol' days. Maybe it'll all be this cool again someday. Yeah, and maybe we'll broker world peace next week. —*Jesus Harold*

Dropkick Murphys

Singles Collection Volume 2

Hellcat Records

DKM = Shane MacGowan + Billy Bragg + Iron Cross

A solid disc, as are all DKM releases, this second volume of collected singles picks up where their first left off in 2000. For those unwilling to scour the internet or Boston record stores to find rare DKM tracks but still want all of the band they can muster, here is the perfect option. Just over half of Vol. 2 is dedicated to cover songs of those responsible for inspiring this now-nearing-legendary band, such as Cock Sparrer, Angelic Upstarts, Sham 69 and of course, the Stiff Little Fingers. Other tracks are B-sides, compilation or split appearances, Irish traditional and "other crap." My favorite tracks are "Vengeance," a Nipple Erectors cover, and "We Got the Power," a track originally recorded for *Blackout* but that didn't make the cut. The only low point is an AC/DC cover, but at least it shows they have a sense of humor. —*Nate Martin*

Foetus

Love

Birdman Records

Foetus = Early NIN + Dresden Dolls

Grinding. Electronic noise. Feedback. All of these elements typify the early genesis of Foetus, a.k.a. J.G. Thirlwell. What used to be his hallmark sound of groundbreaking industrial dance/noise has now come around to this: LOVE. Gone are most of the more noise-oriented mechanics in favor of sparse rock-structure and orchestrated dance songs. The first four tracks remind me of a twisted love boat ride in a carnival. Song five finds Thirlwell singing a touching moonlit love song punctuated with the caressing notes of some orchestra instruments passed through echoed electronics. The last half of the album is a bit more menacing, minimal and piercing—almost vaudevillian. Slightly more accessible than past albums, it is worth the price of admission to find Thirlwell and various guests tackle yet another quirky musical guise. —*Eric Lopez*

The Generators

Excess, Betrayal and Our Dearly Departed

Fiend Music

Generators = Bad Religion + Social Distortion + The Damned

It pains me that such a great record as this came out two years ago and is just now being released in the states. They're from L.A., for God's sake. The Generators have that L.A. punk sound, and their lead singer's voice is a dead ringer for Greg Graffin. They also at times go into a pop-rock area that reminds of the last Green Day record. The ironic thing is that since it took so long to be released in the U.S., they tacked on some extra tracks that don't even compare to the original record. —*James Orme*

Genghis Tron

Cloak of Love

Crucial Blast Records

Genghis Tron = Asterisk + At the Gates + Depeche Mode

Genghis Tron presents a splattered cacophony of sound and rhythm which at first listen is hard to digest in any cohesive manner; however, upon closer examination, the transitions from black metal to electro are well-calculated and thought out. The album can be listened to repeatedly in its entirety (all five songs, anyway), which is more than can be said for most spazz-rock units around today. An extremely polished production and ridiculously awesome cocktail of aural delight (think guitar solos over



breakbeats/blastbeats in the same song) provides some considerable listenability. And despite the band's silly name, the decreasingly esoteric black metal/electroclash fanbase should take Genghis Tron seriously. Now if only someone would take the black metal/electroclash fanbase seriously. Oh well, you can't say I didn't try.

—*seven5zeroryan*

The Kills

No Wow

RCA/Rough Trade

The Kills = Jon Spencer Blues Explosion (circa Orange and Extra Width) + PJ Harvey + Suicide

Last year, a poorly-coifed pack of college students (including yours truly) discovered an overturned truck in the middle of the Salt Flats. Mile 27. Dennis, the sole survivor, waddled from the wreckage with blood in his goatee. Bear cans, pill bottles and arrest warrants scuttled about the desert. The passenger was dead under a blanket. Recently, on an unplanned return to the site, a stockpile of remnants were still available as souvenirs of our death night. Hubeaps and bumper shards and such. The Kills were playing in the car. Just a girl and guy, some drums and strings. Abrasive and beautiful like the salt out yonder. It's the soundtrack for all your future death-filled happenings on desolate, moonlit American byways. This is pretentious, but it seemed important at the time.

—*Sr. Burch*

After listening to this album, I'm pissed that I missed the Heiruspecs show at Ego's on Feb. 8. Now we all know that hip-hop shows are great, but they become even better with a live band, and these guys are as live as it comes. All the way from St. Paul, Minn., the Heiruspecs' *A Tiger Dancing*'s rhythm section is nothing short of amazing, with complementing lyrics that are distributed with accurate aim. Now, this band is not famous ... yet. However, they have preformed with many of the names that you might have in your CD cases, confirming that they are emerging for a long journey with a thirst for making you get up and move. I will watch the rise of their music career with much enthusiasm.

—*Lance Saunders*

CD Reviews

The Low Budgets

Aim Low, Get High

Schuyllkill Records

Low Budgets = Fueled by Ramen + (Mooney Suzuki - Lou Reed) + Less than Jake

The only selling point for this smorgasbord of retro-synth rock and desultory mall punk/garage rock hybrid is the fact that one of the ex-members of the Dead Milkmen, Jack Talcum, is a member of this band. And even that is not that exciting. From the opening song to the last track on this subpar album, it seems as if new wave as a music movement, Devo and early Blink-182 are in a Michael Jackson "Beat It"-esque street fight for control over lyrics about kitty kats, misguided politics and teenage angst with such song titles as "Stupid Dead Kitty," "Low Budget Life" and "No Money Shot." But the joke doesn't stop there—they ask in their press sheet to be filed under "60s garage rock." This album is the Michelle Kwan of punk rock ... it tries so hard to do a triple-axel but keeps on failing. —Eric Lopez

The Mars Volta

Frances the Mute

GSL / Universal

The Mars Volta = some forgotten John McLaughlin fusion project + Tool or "Rush Against the Machine" (courtesy of Michael Steffen)

With surnames like Rodriguez-Lopez, Zavala and de la Peña assembled in the same hipster-patronized band, one can only expect Latin-tinged trumpet solos, references to some aberration of a sun god and long-winded Santana-esque guitar workouts (and probably some bongos for good measure). Please welcome **The Mars Volta** to my ignorant world of racial profiling. In addition to the above-mentioned attributes, you can also expect a heavy chunk roadside phantasmagoria and ultra chic-ified prog-rock bombast. Not to say that this cumbersome 75-minute album doesn't have its moments (best of luck locating them, señor), but it seems the boys have thrown cohesive songwriting to the wind, devoting all their precious time to frolics in maize fields with Flea and his tender little horn. Hombres, it's chops and all chops, but maybe you like that sort of thing. I'm not certain Quetzalcoatl had a backbone, anyhow. —Sr. Burch

Maximo Park

A Certain Trigger

Warp Records

Maximo Park = Franz Ferdinand + Futureheads + Blur + a dripping Jarvis Cocker

It is hard not to miss the association that Maximo Park has garnered with other such luminaries of Brit pop such as Pulp and Blur, but regardless of that, is it worth all the hype it has gotten? One of the first, if not the first, rock bands signed to *Warp Records*, you would expect something more avant garde and, well, weird. But Maximo Park's first album is nothing like that at all ... if anything, it is uncomplicated Brit pop rock that is unabashed and unhindered from the rest of the U.K. scene. I can see why it has received the praise and hype that it has: it has a sincere sensibility, really catchy songs and it flows well as a whole album. But beware! This album is definitely not for everyone, as it could be misconstrued as a wholly over-the-top Brit pop album. —Eric Lopez

Metropolitan

The Lines They Get Broken

Crank Automotive Records

Metropolitan = Hüsker Dü + Pavement + Guided By Voices + Dinosaur Jr.

This album has that timeless late 80s, early 90s "alternative" feel, giving out the same sort of haunted/haunting vibes as Dinosaur Jr.'s *You're Living All Over Me* or maybe Pavement's *Wowee Zowee*. This album's got pop songs with wrenches of weird timing thrown into them. It's got bass lines that complement the distorted and spacious guitar yet that veer into their own hooks and melodies, creating layers that lend to discovery with each new listen. It's got vocals/lyrics that will make sense to some, but not to most. Yeah, this is one of those bands that are best when not shared with friends or with the radio waves. This is best enjoyed alone, like a secret drug habit. —Jesus Harold

The Midnight Evils

Breakin' It Down

Estrus Records

The Midnight Evils = KISS + Motorhead + Ramones + Zeke + Thunderfist

On their third release, *The Evils* still kick fuckin' ass with their motor-style rock n' roll. Even with the absence of their original singer, they do what they have always done best—greasy, 70s-style rock with whisky-fueled screams and guitar solos. The three axemen all share vocal duties and the effect is like a serial killer jamboree. The guitars are fiery dueling twin attacks that are both fierce and raw, the boogie-down bass and drums are perfect for the drunken swagger. The primal screams and deep throaty singing cure hangovers. The Evils do not make music to cuddle to or write sensitive poetry to. This shit-kicking drinking and brawling music is the perfect cure to all that mokey-dopey shit. It's a solid barroom buster that must be heard to be believed; turn this baby loose on your disc player and watch the walls burst into flames. You have all been warned! —Kevlar7



My
Epiphany

Thursday + The
Used + Milemarker +
Further Seems Forever
My Epiphany
Eyeball Records
Mirabilia

Here's yet another band finding their depth and meaning in teenage girls and high school injustices. It's all really heartfelt and earnest, and it's about as effective as any of the other bands peddling this sort of thing.

However, the musical landscape is littered with this type of group and it's getting oh-so-tiresome. Remember when there was that backlash on the Seattle thing and everybody would lump the grunge bands into one imaginary monstrosity named something like *Alice In Pearl's Garden of the Dog Jam*? I propose the same thing here—viva *My Used Chemical Ashes Fall Further on Switchfoot Epiphany Thursday*. Smell the angst! —Jesus Harold

The Moaners

Dark Snack

Yep Roc Records

The Moaners = Liz

Phair + The White

Stripes + The

Mistreaters

Sensual vocals coupled with powerful rock chords and solid drumming is what makes up *The Moaners* sound. They're a two-piece made up of ladies who know how to perfectly balance rock n' roll and pop while adding traces of southern-style stoner rock à la Kyuss. Delta Mississippi blues harp gets a nod on a couple of songs, which gives an overall diversification to the group's sound. The lush vocals of guitarist *Melissa*

Swingle never delve into an annoying little-girl breathy vocal style, but is instead more like a mournful whisper that juxtaposes the combustible energy of the guitar and drums. All in all, something sexually passionate for the revival rock crowd and a refreshing sound for those bored with current popular radio genres. —Kevlar7

Mob Stereo

Too Young to Go Steady

Dollar Record Records

Mob Stereo = The Raincoats +

Miss TK and the Revenge +

Teengenerate + Cub

This is super sloppy, super simple and super garage. The female vocals are dreamy and light atop the fuzz and pounding, and the effect is basically lovely. However, the punk spirit of "anybody can learn three chords and do this" is pushed to the limit here. These guys literally can barely play their instruments and at times one can imagine the songs benefiting from just a pinch of musicianship. But whatever—it is what it is and it rocks most of the time just fine without it. It would definitely be good background music at a kegger populated by hipsters and thrift-store lesbians vying for drunken make-out sessions. —Jesus Harold

Mu
Out of Breach (Manchester's
 Revenge)
Outpost Recordings
Mu = DFA Compilations
 + **Aphex Twin** +
Zoobombs

From this album's opening moments, pint-sized satanic karaoke goddess **Mutsumi Kanamori** destroys the mic, your ears and all preconceptions of modish dance music. **Mu's** partner in crime, **Maurice Fulton** (a.k.a. **Boof**), keeps the drums choppy, the bass fuzzy and the keys bouncy (as counterpart to **Mu's** undeniable spunk and broken English). Before the album is 10 minutes old, **Mu** somehow sheds her ego and calls out every musician in the universe ("I might have no talent/But good at changing fake stone to shining diamond/You don't have that magic power, do you?"). Awww shit! Then, "Tiger Bastard," the album's standout chaotic dance behemoth, bursts like a great unreleased **LCD Soundsystem** track realized amidst a futuristic bloodbath. Though the album wanes in its off-kilter danciness halfway through, **Mu** ups the enchanting anger with "stupid bitch" epithets directed at **Paris Hilton** ("the richest party dumb girl") and anyone else in earshot. —*Sr. Burch*

Okkervil River
Black Sheep Boy
Jagjaguwar

Okkervil River = Neva Dinova + Shearwater + Sufjan Stevens
 Singer songwriter **Will Sheff** and his large cast of contributing musicians have created one of the most impressive modern-folk records I've heard in years. Folk music is unlike other genres, because in folk, the music (the actual instrumentation), is not the most important ingredient—it's the stories. In *Black Sheep Boy*, **Sheff** narrates tales of rejection, restraint and feigned retributions. His lyrics read more like a short story than the bland verse/chorus repetition that dominates pop music today. The record does, however, have some disappointing moments. "Black" and "For Real" sound too much like older **Bright Eyes** material for me to enjoy. In a battle of lyrical wit and relevance, **Sheff** makes **Connor Oberst** look like an immature school boy whose only companions are a rhyming dictionary and a bottle of **Xanax** (Let's see, what rhymes with "pity?"). —*Ryan Shelton*

General Patton vs the Xecutioners
Self-Titled
Ipecac

GP vs X = Cut Chemist + Lovage + The Mothers Of Invention
 Unlike **The X-men's** previous efforts, there isn't an over-abundance of scratch wizardry and cross-fader theatrics on this album. Here they replace that with a multitude of "cut and paste" samples which make you feel like you're in the mind of a robot with ADD. **Patton** lends his signature grunts and falsetto moans over the ever-changing landscape of sound. They rarely even establish a beat or vocal hook before switching it up to something completely different. It would be nice to hear how these four would sound if they actually took a breather and rocked a beat out for at least a minute while **Patton** lent his ridiculous range to it, but not on this record. It's a very fun novelty record which slaps the DJ-ing industry in its scratch-happy face. —*Chuck Berrett*

Porn
Wine, Women, and Song
Small Stone Records
Porn = The Boredoms + Sleep

Ho hum. You've heard it before—plodding stoner metal with "trippy" sound effects and gruff vocals. But what really makes this stand out from the rest of the pack is ... nothing! **Porn** features **Dale Crover** from **The Melvins** on drums and this fits nicely alongside that band's more boring moments. The long-winded songs drag on forever and go nowhere using the same damn riff over and over and over ... ad infinitum. I mean, **Eyehategod** were pretty decent not to mention **I6** and the rest of that crew, but this is so tired and formulaic, as well as being a little too overproduced, that I find myself reaching for my **Black Sabbath** records just to cleanse my palette. —*Jared Saper*

Pitch Black
 This is the Modern Sound
 Revelation Records

Pitch Black = Gun Club + Alkaline Trio + Thought Riot

Pitch Black more than any other band is pushing the boundaries of what we call "punk rock." These veterans of bands like **the Nerve Agents** and **Screw 32** are much more than any ex-member band. They genuinely are attempting something new. Cutting lyrics, well thought-out arrangements and keyboards move the band forward instead of derailing their drive. This is the *Modern Sound* is everything put right out there. This band really went for the throat and it shows. See them with **Temper Temper** at the *Lo-Fi Café* April 18. —*James Orme*

Screeching Weasel
Boogadaboogadaboogada
Asian Man Records
SW = The Ramones + The Queers
 This is my favorite album of one of my all-time favorite bands ever in the history of time and space and drinking cheap beer and skateboarding and beating up jocks in high school and being generally pissed off but not bitter or whiny. Yep. And **Asian Man Records** re-released it in February. And they're re-releasing five other **SW** discs, from *My Brain Hurts* through *Kill the Musicians*. Bless their little Asian hearts. For everyone who's lost their copy of this album between 1988 and yesterday, this new issue was remastered by **Mass Giorgini**, includes the band's liner commentary and cool photos, too. Though credit for shaping the last decade of pop-punk might not be something one would willingly accept, I'll give it to **Screeching Weasel**, simply because the bands they influenced just didn't understand that this sound and attitude is not something that you can copy. If you know then you know, if you don't ... —*Nate Martin*

CD Reviews

The Sights
Self-Titled

Scratchie / New Line Records

The Sights = The Forty-Fives + The Beatles + The Who + The Go
I recently read a contemporary big media music magazine where the journalist hack used the term "garage revival rock" to describe The Sights. Yes indeed, ladies and gentlemen, that clinches it; like it or not, that genre tag description is here to stay. The Sights are a great band from Detroit who channel 60s Motown and 70s anthem rock. Solid guitar play mixed with spastic drumming and powerful organ and piano pummels the listener with wildly engaging rock. Powerful vocals hit high ranges and have strong soul behind them. This being their third release, the band has made sure to pull out all the stops and release a solid album that is powerful from start to finish. A truly satisfying endeavor. —*Keular7*

The Stepbrothers
Baby It's Over

Licorice Tree Records

The Stepbrothers = The Delta 72 + The Blues Explosion + watching paint peel after drinking a fifth of whiskey

This five-piece tries to be everything within revival rock's wide scope of sound. Straight-ahead 60s soul-rock ("Going Back To Miami"), 70s funk ("Straight Up"), garage ("Very Last Time") and country-fried rock ("All Over Town") are all represented—it leaves the listener feel a little awkward as each song changes. The Stepbrothers are missing something in their music. I think it might be fiery rock n' roll abandonment and passion. Their disc just comes off kind of limp and bland. It's also hard to take going from country-style rock to 70s falsetto soul. It's not like the band isn't competent with their instruments and voices. Moreover, they do arrange some solid tracks. This should appeal to the most novice of rockers, but all in all, I just found this disc to be boring. —*Keular7*

Strung Out
Exile in Oblivion

Fat Wreck Chords

Strung Out = Dark (Lagwagon + [Mad Caddies- skal] + generalized heavy metal

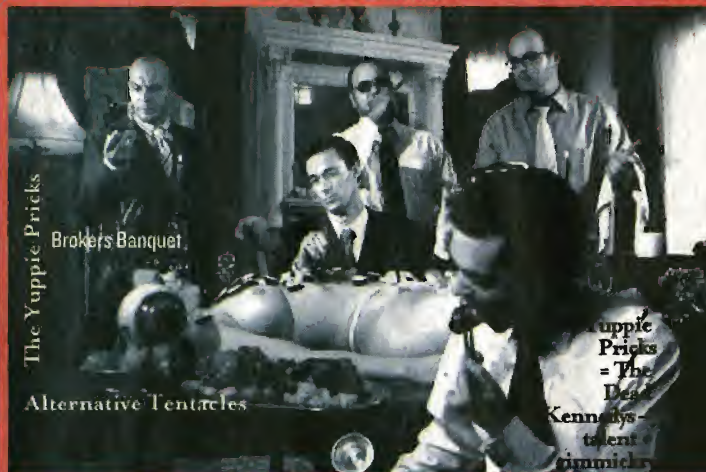
Strung Out is a very unique type of punk rock. Coming from a label that stresses fatness and political awareness through squeaky, fast, high-pitched punk, Strung Out almost doesn't fit on the label. Mixing dark guitar riffs, distorted vocals that are reminiscent of Chuck Robertson of Mad Caddies, and a touch of metal, this black, Southern Californian punk band walks its own road, with a comfortable numbers of followers. *Exile in Oblivion*, their eighth release, has a very melodic energy that flows with darker music supporting it. Though shadowy, the music sounds hopeful—every song has its fast guitar riffs, but the way Jason Cruz sings brings optimism to the entire CD. I initially heard this CD in Hot Topic, but now realize that it holds many more layers than that fat metalhead looking for an XXL Marilyn Manson T-shirt. —*Katie Maloney*

Subtle
A New White

Lex Records

Subtle = Themselves + Greenthink + Hood

I went to the local record store to pick this album up two weeks before it was mailed into SLUG for review. I couldn't wait to hear what Subtle had been working on for the last year. I gently slid *A New White* into my player and instantly fell in love at first listen. It's akin to an audio painting with complex layers of samples, brief intermissions, soothing chants, concrete rhythms and multi-layered sporadic raps. These "Subtle Six" have morphed themselves into something that could be filed anywhere between indie rock, electronic, avant garde or hip hop. Be warned though: Subtle is not for everyone. While many people love the music, there's an equal amount of people who can't (under) stand it. Either way, *A New White* is an electrifying experience that will leave you wondering about the future footing of music itself. —*Lance Saunders*



Wednesday 13

Transylvania 90210

Road Runner Records

Wednesday 13 = Rob Zombie + Andrew WK + Alice Cooper
Everything about this record is over the top. Zombies, bats, cemeteries and ghosts run rampant through these 14 tracks. If you're looking for some good horror rock, I'd suggest the Nekromantix or Samhain over this any day, but there is a guilty pleasure quality to this new project from the lead singer of the Murder Dolls and the Frankenstein Drag Queens. It's like that Twisted Sister record you put on when no one else is home. "I Walked a Zombie" is a particularly catchy track that you'll have in your head for days on end. It's not the greatest horror record ever made, but it would be great to have at a Halloween party. —*James Orme*

The Willowz

...Are Coming

Sympathy For The Record Industry

The Willowz = Red Kross + Richard Hell + early Von Bondies

The Willowz are loud, raw, youthful and exuberant; qualities that I definitely look for in rock n' roll. This Southern California trio ranges in age from 17 to 19 and the same exciting childishness that was heard in bands like Red Kross and The Pleasure Seekers rings through with reckless joy and abandonment. Yet while those qualities are strong, they're not overbearing as these kids really know what they're doing. The production is crisp but not clean and really brings out the oomph in the fuzz-drenched guitar and the propulsive low-end of the rhythm section. What's more is *The Willowz Are Coming* doesn't get too samey like some of the other garage platters of late. From the waltz-like beat on "Interpretations" to the Stones swagger of "Put Together" to the straight-up trash rock of "Not You," this little slab of digital plastic has me captivated and coming back for more. —*Jared Soper*

DVD Reviews

DIG!

A Film By Ondi Timoner

When I was in elementary school I went through the D.A.R.E. program twice. Needless to say, it didn't stop me from experimenting with various substances throughout high school. Perhaps if we'd seen *DIG!*, I wouldn't have wasted so much time (and money) making myself miserable. Ondi Timoner spent seven years filming two bands whose friendship would ultimately turn into regret and resentment: *The Brain Jonestown Massacre* and *The Dandy Warhols*. *DIG!*, which won the Grand Jury Prize at Sundance in '04, gives us laypeople an inside look into what happens when a band becomes successful, what choices they make, and how those choices affect the individuals within the band and their relationships with each other. Never before have sex, drugs and rock n' roll been displayed in such a brutally honest light. From smack-induced onstage fights (BJM), to the hilarity of musical egomania (Warhols), *DIG!* serves as a perfect example of what not to do when touring with your band. Add *DIG!* to the list of required viewing material for your bandmates and friends. Finally, *This Is Spinal Tap* has a contemporary! There will be a free screening at Brewvies on Thursday, April 7 and Sunday, April 10. —*Ryan Shelton*

The Yuppie Pricks

are a completely ordinary, run-of-the mill punk band that would probably be tolerable if they were playing Jello Biafra's material, but whose originals are insufferable.

So let's focus on the amusing and interesting part of the band, which is how they are trying to market themselves.

Their title of the album is a knockoff of the Stones, of course, but they should have used the cover art that is a picture of a toilet than the one with cursive writing. Also, if they're yuppies, shouldn't

"Brokers" be followed by an apostrophe? What's that, they just pretend to be yuppies? That's rich.

Their musical milquetoast is neither clever nor funny, and even the guest appearance on the album-ending rap featuring Jello himself falls flat. These punks are punk. —*MC Welk*

5TH ANNUAL SLUG GAMES

SATURDAY, APRIL 9

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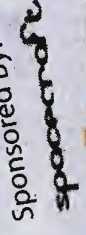
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Warm-up at 5 pm, competition starts at 6 pm

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Photo: Steve Duke



Photo: Bob Plumb

KATCHUP

w/this month's Action Sports events...

By Josh Scheuerman
Josh@slugmag.com

It's that time of year, the days are getting longer and the snow is melting...wait, it's still puking snow when the rest of the country is shutting down production and pulling out golf clubs. There still might be more snow than in 20 years at this time, but resorts are still shutting down the party due to their lease agreement and people staying home to work on their summer tans. Alas, everything must come to an end. So here are the tentative closing dates for the resorts for the 2004-2005 season, it's been one of the best in my memory, sorry if you have been working.

2005 Closing Dates for Utah Resorts (tentative)

- Beaver Mountain...April 2
- Sundance...April 2
- Brian Head...April 10
- The Canyons...April 10
- Deer Valley...April 10
- Park City...April 10
- Snowbasin...April 10
- Brighton...April 17
- Solitude...April 17
- Alta..... April 17
- Snowbird...May 30
- Powder Mountain...no set date

Last month SLUG hosted the first annual **Cammy Potter Memorial Slopestyle competition** at *Park City Mountain Resort*. The event was a huge success from all angels. The event, with help from PCMR and Crystal

Mountain raised \$2,000 toward the Cammy Potter fund, which will help the fund members of the *Park City Snowboard Team* attend camps and sponsor one kid a year to compete nationally. The winners of the contest are as follows:

Snowbird is open through out May 8 and then open weekends until Memorial Day that should not be a problem with the 180" base they now have.

April 9 - Meltdown Slopestyle Contest - Brighton Ski Resort - For five years, SLUG has been hosting the **Meltdown** contest at Brighton, which has grown in popularity and creativity since. This years sponsors include **Nitro, Armada, Sessions, Dragon, Oakley, LI, RedBull** and others. Register early since this contest will sell out, like the **Junk Show**.

April 23- Snowbird Ski Resort
Snowbird is hosting the **InSpring Slopestyle & Big Air Amateur Competition** on Saturday and Sunday hosting the **InSpring Superpipe Amateur Competition**. Details are yet to surface of registration time and price, but sure to be a hit. Live music w/ **FastBack** and **Naked April**

April 23 - SLUG GAMES 2005 FINALS
SLUG will be hosting an invitational final for all OPEN finishers from this year's contest that will be taking place at the *Revolution warehouse* in Orem, UT next to I-15. This invitational will be open to men and women with DJ, prize giveaways, awards and product toss. Fun starts at 5 pm, competition starts at 6 pm. For more information show up for the Meltdown competition on April 9 or call the SLUG HQ at 801.487.9221.

For Photos of The SLUG Games, checkout www.slugmag.com.

THE SLUG GAMES Cammy Potter Memorial Slopestyle Results:

- Boarders:**
Men Open:
1. Sam Hunter-47.7
2. Randy Moreno-47.3
3. Stef Zeestraten-45.7
Jess Hakola-""
Men 17+:
1. Kevin Rasmussen-45.3
2. Clif Reagle-36.3
3. Antone Gabuich-39
Men 17-:
1. Cody Tuler-39.7
2. Sam Pacheco-36.3
3. Scott otterson-36.1
Women Open:
1. Yuki Takanashi-37.3
2. Stesha Palmer-36.7
3. Helen Wade-33.7
Women 17-:
1. Madeson Blackley-26.9
2. Maggie Taylor-21.9

- Skiers:**
Men Open:
1. Adam Battersby-49.2
2. Alex Dillard-49
3. Michael Rigby-48.6
Men 17-:
1. Colby Roleff-45.2
2. Thayne Rich-44.2
3. Colby Ward-43.7
Women 18+:
1. Ashley Battersby-43.4
2. Katie Powers-24

Bradley...

Your life, your love,
your spirit, were so
amazing to all you knew.
You stood this ground, so
strong, when it was falling
out beneath you. Your
strength of mind was
untouched by
circumstance.
Your message to us all,
in our time of loss,
is to keep living.
Get up every day and
surround yourself
with experiences
and smiles.
You will always
be a leader,
now and
perpetually!
Pirates
forever!!!

This poem
I wrote for you.

What to expect?
No expectation.
Time...
is all you have.
Opportunity comes
for reasons.
Take it.
Live it.
Do it for Brad.
For love.
For loss.
For growth.
For pleasure.
For friendship...

-Stacey Adams

The cheerful heart
has a continual feast.
Proverb 15:15 niv





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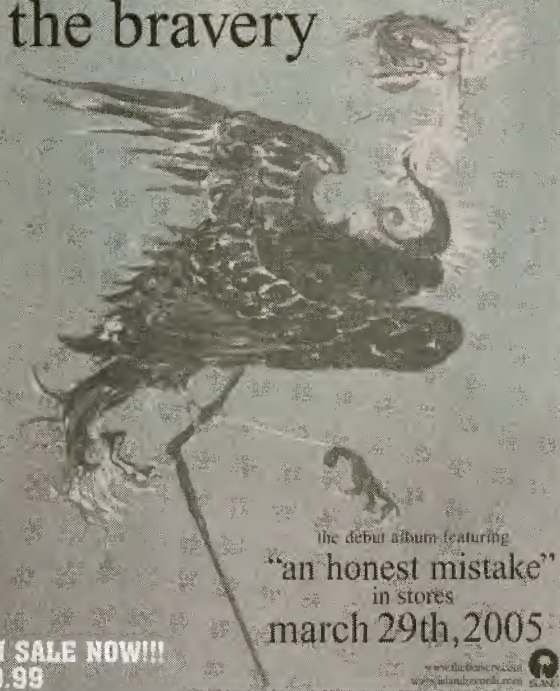
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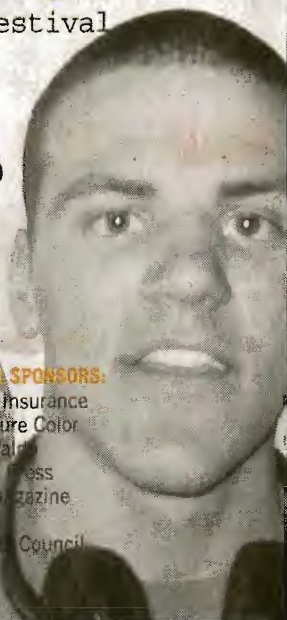
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Fri April 8: **Wicked Diamond**

Wed April 13: **PFG w/ Signal**
& Seperation Of Self

Fri April 15: **Katsu**
w/ Downfall & Hate Piece

Wed April 27: **SOS**

Fri April 29: **Signal**
w/ PFG & Minus One

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APRIL

- | | |
|--------------------------|-----------------------------|
| 1.Spanky Van Dyke | 17.Tragic Black & GRP |
| 3.dj Aspect (hip hop) | & fashion show by Obscura |
| 7.Force of Habit (rock) | 21.Earthjam benefit |
| 8.Natural Roots (reggae) | 22.Salt City Bandits (rock) |
| 10.Jinshen | 24.Last Response (rock) |
| 14.One-five (hip hop) | 28.SLAJO (jazz) |
| 15.Oh, Alaska! | 29.Thee Elephant Men |

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ACTIONSPO RTS DVD REVIEWS

B-Sides & Out-Takes DVD

Optik Productions By Mike Brown (YES...THE ONE & ONLY Mike Brown is back!)

This is a review of a skateboard movie I saw today called *B-Sides & Out-Takes*. This is not a critique, because I am not a critic (nor am I good speller). If this were a critique, all I would talk about is how the par for skate videos these days is very high, and how, if the hammers don't land on the beat, the guy who edited the video sucks. But that is not the point of this video at all. It comes with a disclaimer that it was made on borrowed software with Hi-8 cameras. The zine I make is still made with a glue stick and scissors, so yeah, who am I to judge?

I can however, review it—and review it I will. *B-*

Sides & Out-Takes was made by some guy named Mike

Abramovitz. How do

I know this?

Because his business

card was cleanly

placed on the inside

flap of this DVD. It was

created under Optik

Productions, which I am

assuming is Mike's pro-

duction company. The

business card also has con-

tact info for Mike at

optikprod@hotmail.com,

which, I'm sure, is the best

way to get a copy of this DVD.

OK, enough reviewing of the business card in the flap of the DVD—on to reviewing the video.

My favorite part of the video was a close-up of Willie Sylvester's T-shirt

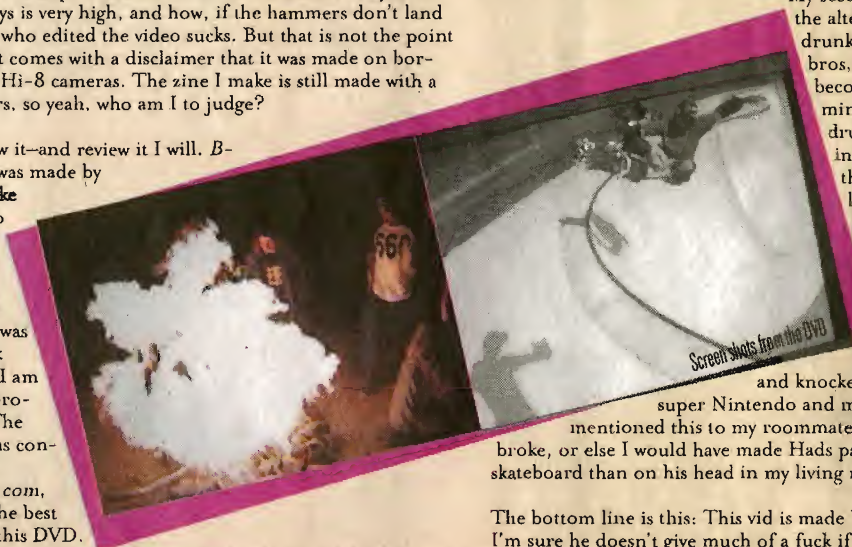
that says, "Christianity is stupid, give up." Of course, Willy skates good too, and there's lots of him in this video; but I still get pumped to see that some skaters still think Jesus was some dumb hippie not even fit to ride a long board.

My second-favorite part of the video is the altercation at the end between two drunken dudes, who are obviously bros, but are so fucked up that they become arch nemeses for a few minutes. What starts out as playful drunk wrestling turns into feelings being hurt and punches thrown in a wild manner—much like an NBA fight. All the while, a cabbie waits patiently to take the victor home. Good stuff.

I also like the *Dirty Hads* footage. Once, Hads did a handstand in my living room

and knocked over my coat rack onto my super Nintendo and my roommate's TV. I haven't mentioned this to my roommate until now—sorry. Nothing broke, or else I would have made Hads pay for it. He's a lot better on a skateboard than on his head in my living room.

The bottom line is this: This vid is made by a homie, for the homies. I'm sure he doesn't give much of a fuck if you and your stupid tight-panted stair-counter friends think the editing sucks, cuz that's not the point. The point of this video is to show that some people in SLC still have fun drinking and skating. And I'm all sorts of cool with that.



Perception DVD

First Tracks Productions

Reviewed by Mike Kansa

Filed in the library of underdog, no-budget snowboarding flicks that were released in 2004, *Perception* is a standout for sure. Produced by Anthony Cupaiuolo and *First Tracks Productions*, this movie has no fancy editing or trendy soundtracks, just old-fashioned fun & riding originality. Throw in some four-dimensional rails, surprisingly steady follow cams & incredible big mountain lines for good measure—*Perception* is stuffed with every type of terrain and then some. A portion of the DVD case reads "Car tow-in urban step downs to snowmobile tow-in step-ups;" yes, it's all in there. Although mainly starring Tahoe locals, this film features riders like Ryan Johannesen from Alaska to SLC locals like Dave King. 2004 X-Games gold medalist pipe-rocker Steve Fischer also makes an appearance; huge. The soundtrack contains everything from French rap to 70s rock and has a decent flow. If *Perception* isn't available at your local shop, try online at *FirstTrackProductions.com*. Other riders in the film include Jared McCrum, Lane Power, Devon Pagaduan, Mike Abeliuk, Tim Barker, Chris Barker, Roger Hjelmstadstuen, Per Loken and Dave Doughty.

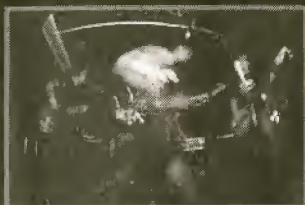
Recently, I had a chance to catch up with Anthony to ask him about the film. "We had a blast filming and putting *Perception* together," he says. "The riders had a lot of input with everything—the features we shot, the editing and music; made things a lot more fun. The new project we're filming for is going to be called *Creative Differences*. We've been lucky to have some good snow in Tahoe and Utah to work with this season." The riding in *Perception* may not directly compete with today's top mainstream videos; it's just more proof that today's up-and-coming riders are as eager as ever to push the limits of the shred.



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THE DAILY CALENDAR

Submissions are due by the 25th of the previous month. E-mail dickheads@slugmag.com

Friday, April 1

Our Time in Space, Le Force, Kalcortexen— *Burts*
Savion Glover— *Capitol Theatre*
Jordan Booth— *Cup of Joes*
Negroes With Aptitude (NWA tribute group)— *Egos*
Fall Out Boy, Gym Class Heroes, Midtown, The Academy Is— *In The Venue*
Smashy Smashy, Parts and Labor, Man Man— *Kilby*
Bill Engvall— *Kingsbury*
Sindolars, Murder 2 Genocide, Luchador— *Lo Fi*
Spanky Van Dyke— *Monks*
Zero to None, Rated Hero, Allred, Alternate Ending— *Murray Theatre*
Blues on First— *Owl Bar*
Moot Davis, Pete Anderson— *Piper Down*
Sister Wives Blues Band— *Salt Lake Hardware Building*
DMX, Lil' John, R. Kelly— *Saltair Pavilion*
Kristen Lawrence, Theta Naught, Blondes of Napalm, Jake Rogers, Iberis— *Sugarbeats*
Fix Bayonets, Victrola, Jim Fear— *Todds*
Starmy, Hoodroopone, Blind Iris— *Urban*
Volution, Lifter, Hate Cheri— *Vegas*
Kenny Wayne Shepherd— *Velvet Room*

Saturday, April 2

Circus Party/Talent Show— *Black Chandelier*
Moot Davis— *Brewskies*
Pagan Love Gods, Edgar's Mule— *Burts*
Saucy Monkey— *Cabana Club*
The Bellrays, Von Iva— *Egos*
Cryptobiotic, Denots— *Halo*
Garrick's Wonderous Day, OK Ikumi, The Show is the Rainbow— *Kilby*
The String Cheese Incident— *Suede*
The Happies, Erin Haley, Trolly Brawl 3.2— *Sugarbeats*
Jon E Dangerously, JW Blackout— *Todds*
Tanglewood, James Shook— *Urban*
Breaking Benjamin, Theory of a Dead Man, The Exies— *Velvet Room*

Sunday, April 3

DJ Aspect— *Monks*
Big Metal Rooster— *Spur Bar*
The String Cheese Incident— *Suede*
No Star Jazz— *Sugarbeats*
Kaskade— *W Lounge*

Monday, April 4

DJ Curtis Strange— *Burts*
Jesse Dayton— *Egos*
Days Like These, Down to Earth Approach, This Day and Age, Slow Coming Day— *Kilby*
Ash, The Bravery, alaska!— *Lo Fi*
The Matches, Plain White T's, Rose Are Red— *Mo's*
DJ Rebel— *Monks*
Raining Jane— *SLCC*
Bob Schneider— *Suede*
Railroad Earth— *Velvet Room*

Tuesday, April 5

Randy McAllister— *Brewskies*
The 45s, Thee Elephant Men, Dave Comb and the Honeycombs— *Burts*
Bane, Comeback Kid, With Honor, Silent Drive— *In The Venue*
The Escaped, Brain Failure, Negative Charge, Stolen Marches— *Lo Fi*

DJ Curtis Strange— *Monks*

Moe— *Suede*

O Discordia, The Rat Tails— *Todds*

The Lift, Broke, Dural— *Urban*

Ambulance Ltd., Autolux, Dr. Dog— *Velvet Room*

Wednesday, April 6

All American Rejects, Action Action, Number One Fan— *In The Venue*
Erin Haley, Doris Henson— *Kilby*
Showbread, The Start, The Goodwill, The Art of Safecracking, His Red Letters— *Lo Fi*

Sherwood, Allred, Three Star Hotel, This Providence— *Mo's*

Yonder Mountain String Band— *Suede*

Three Martini Trio— *Sugarbeats*

Sun Cloud— *Urban*

Reverend Horton Heat, Supersuckers, I Can Lick

Any SOB In The House— *Velvet Room*

Thursday, April 7

Mandarin, The Dollyrots— *Burts*

DIG!— *Brewskies*

The Willie Waldman Project— *DV8*

Unwritten Law— *In The Venue*

Take the Fall, Sole, Dosh, Pedestrian— *Kilby*

Force of Habit— *Monks*

James Apollo, Iberis— *Sugarbeats*

Magstacic, Nothing Ever Stays— *Urban*

Friday, April 8

Jerry Seinfeld— *AbraVanel*

American Minor— *Burts*

3% Hero, Larusso— *Kilby*

Dizzee Raskal, DJ Wonder— *Lo Fi*

Natural Roots— *Monks*

The Samples— *Suede*

Joel Taylor— *Sugarbeats*

Fail to Follow— *Todds*

SLUG Localized w/ Cart!, The Album, Captured! by Robots— *Urban*

Wicked Diamond— *Vegas*

Metalhead— *Velvet Room*

Saturday, April 9

Lily Fairy Bunny Benefit— 1135 S. West Temple

(Camilla's House)

Unsound Mind, Feed the Monkey, Under Radar,

Raygun Sound— *Burts*

Hip Hop Explosion '05— *Country Club Theater*

Return To Sender, Day Of Less, The Brobecks,

InCamera EP Release— *Kilby*

Love = Death, Have That Girl Killed, Xmarks, My

New Life— *Lo Fi*

Jordan Booth— *Nostalgia*

The Blair, Stansha, Improv 3.2— *Sugarbeats*

Thee Elephant Men, Callow— *Todds*

The Rubes— *Urban*

Sunday, April 10

DIG!— *Brewskies*

Sweatin Willy and the Utah County Swillers— *Burts*

Soilwork, Dark Tranquility, Hypocrisy, Mnemic,

Cryptobiotic— *Lo Fi*

Jinshen— *Monks*

Dirty Birds, Nate Padley— *Urban*

Monday, April 11

DJ Curtis Strange— *Burts*

Sting, Phantom Planet— *Delta Center*

Mastodon, Burning Brides, Early Man— *Lo Fi*

DJ Rebel— *Monks*

Toots & the Maytals— *Suede*

VHS or Beta, Electric Six, The Howl— *Urban*

Crooked Fingers, Dolorean— *Velvet Room*

Tuesday, April 12

Vadaath— *Burts*

Straylight Run, Minus the Bear, Gratitude, The

Honorary Title, Spitalfield—

In The Venue

Paper Cranes, Two Gallants— *Kilby*

Eileen Ivers— *Kingsbury*

The Album Leaf, Roots of Orchriss, Black

Mountain— *Liquid Joe's*

Briortone, Pistolita, Take The Fall, Murrietta,

Matt Wertz— *Lo Fi*

DJ Curtis Strange— *Monks*

Gustavious Dubius— *Todds*

Cabaret Voltage w/ O Discordia— *Urban*

Wednesday, April 13

Knuckles Foley, Something in the Blood— *Burts*

Copland, Acceptance, Lovedrug— *Lo Fi*

Drive by Truckers— *Suede*

Three Martini Trio— *Sugarbeats*

DMBQ, Red Bennies, The Album—

Urban

PF3, Signal, Separation of Self— *Vegas*

Clem Snide— *Velvet Room*

Thursday, April 14

NoMeansNo, Thunderfist, Fuck the

Informers— *Burts*

Radar Bros.— *Kilby Court*

Underoath, The Chariot, Hopesfall,

Fear Before the March of Flames— *Lo Fi*

Garrison Star,

Melissa Ferrick— *Mo Digitty's*

One Five— *Monks*

Slightly Stoopid— *Suede*

Iberis live DVD shoot— *Sugarbeats*

Banding Together— *Urban*

Roger Clyne & PH Naffah— *Velvet Room*

Friday, April 15

School of Rock Grand

Opening/Scholarship Fundraiser

Voodoo Organist, Rodeo Boys, the

Adonis— *Burts*

Snoop Dogg, The Game— *E Center*

Loose Minds in a Box— *INSCC Auditorium*

Phoenix, Babies Die In Hot Cars— *In*

The Venue

Glacial CD release, Tolchock Trio,

Victrola— *Kilby*

The Street, Doseage, Paradigm

Theory— *Lo Fi*

Oh, alaska!— *Monks*

Jean Mann w/ Causfield— *Sugarbeats*

Evil Beaver, Starmy, Dead Rif to Drag—

Urban

Katsu, Downfall, Hate Piece— *Vegas*

Maktab— *Velvet Room*

Saturday, April 16

Stolen Marches, Fail to Follow,

Daisy Wreckitt— *Burts*

Devil Doll— *DV8*

Loose Minds in a Box— *INSCC Auditorium*

The Wonder Stuff— *In The Venue*

Bel And The Dragon— *Kilby*

Jordan Booth— *Local*

Wonderful Stuff— *Sound*

Kym Tuvim, Stacey Board, 3.2

Improv— *Sugarbeats*

Jared's B-Day w/ Mad Calibre, Le

Force, The 13th Apostle— *Todds*

Stonedef, Out Time in Space— *Urban*

Sunday, April 17

Sweatin Willy and the Utah County

Swillers— *Burts*

Loose Minds in a Box— *INSCC Auditorium*

Atmosphere, POS, Grayskul— *In The*

Venue

Consafos, Bella Lea, The Good Life—

Kilby Court

Kreator, Vader, Pro-Pain, The

Autumn Offering, Malignant

Inception— *Lo Fi*

Tragic Black, GRP, Obscura fashion

show— *Monks*

No Star Jazz— *Sugarbeats*

Chris Cain— *Velvet Room*

Monday, April 18

DJ Curtis Strange— *Burts*

Eddie Palmieri— *Hilton*

DJ Rebel— *Monks*

Tuesday, April 19

Left for Dead, The Independents, Die

Monster Die, The Dangerfields,

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Shadows Fall—E Center
Glen Phillips, Blue Merle—In The Venue
Tel Jim, Jesus, Pedestrian, Sole—Kilby
The Independents—Lo Fi
DJ Curtis Strange—Monks
TFG—Todds
Josh Scheuerman's B-Day!—Trap
Six Sided Box—Urban
Wild West Dub Trio—Velvet Room
Wednesday, April 20
Beyond this Flesh, Clifton—Burt's
Steve Vai, Eric Sardinas—In The Venue
From Ashes Rise, Coliseum, The Observers, All
Systems Fail.
Union of the Snake—
Lo Fi
Three Martini Trio—Sugarbeats
Longview, Dulce Sky, Victrola—Urban
Hit and Run Bluegrass—Velvet Room
Thursday, April 21
The Woods—Burt's
New Found Glory, Reggie and the Full Effect,
Eisley—In The Venue
Q and not U, Food For Animals,
Manhunter—Lo Fi
Still Life Projector, Never Tried Stopping, The
Static Age, The Kinison, When It Rains—Mo's
Earthjam benefit—Monks
The Graze, Simeon Jeppsen—Sugarbeats
Goldfire—Urban
Eek-A-Mouse—Velvet Room
SLUG Presents Blue Boutique
Fashion Show—Vortex
Friday, April 22
Pagan Love Gods, JW Blackout—Burt's
Kings of Leon—In The Venue
Hudson River School 5-year anniversary—Kilby
Broken Bones, Total Chaos, Stolen Marches, The
Fray, Living Legends, Pigeon John—Lo Fi
Salt City Bandits—Monks
QstandoforQ—Sugarbeats
SLUG SK8 Party w/ Glacial, Art of Kanly,
Cartl—Todds
Rune, Little Fire—Urban

Caroline's Spine, Royal Bliss—Velvet Room
Saturday, April 23
Poly Plush Cats, Racket, Stiletto—Burt's
Fiery Furnaces, Dios Malos—In The Venue
Outrageous Cherry—Kilby
The 5 Browns—Kingsbury
The Locust, I Am Electric, Art of Kanly,
Mammoth—Lo Fi
Vegfest—Downtown Library
The Hook, JoKyR, Jesster, IMP-451, 3.2
Improv—Sugarbeats
Medicine Circus, The Handsomes—Todds
Spanky Van Dyke—Urban
Clumsy Lovers—Velvet Room
Sunday, April 24
Sweatin Willy and the
Utah County Swillers—Burt's
Earthjam—Liberty Park
Magnolia Electric Co., Fix Bayonets, Milton
Mapes, Quiet Color, Spanky Vandyke—Lo Fi
Last Response—Monks
Steve Kimock Band—Port O' Call
Monday, April 25
DJ Curtis Strange—Burt's
Velvet Revolver, Hoobastank—E Center
DJ Rebel—Monks
Tuesday, April 26
RPG, Thunderfist, The Decibators—Burt's
M. Ward, Norfolk and Western,
Taught Me—Kilby
Festival of Colors—Krishna Temple
Nural—Mo's
DJ Curtis Strange—Monks
The Casablancas—Todds
Violent Femmes—U of U
Joe Chisholm's Great Big Thing—Urban
The Utah County Swillers—Vegas
Wednesday, April 27
The Ramones Alive, Fuck the Informer—Burt's
Moby, Buck 65—In The Venue
Hella, Out Hud—Lo Fi
Three Martini Trio—Sugarbeats
Ryan Shupe & The Rubber Band—U of U
Banding Together—Urban
SOS—Vegas
The Wailers, DeSol—Velvet Room

Thursday, April 28

One Nadas—DV8
SLAJO—Monks
Second Annual Lone Peak Celebration—
Squatters
The Buckle Busters—Sugarbeats
Victrola, Sons of Guns—Urban
Friday, April 29
The Wolfs, The Morlocks—Burt's
The Used, New Transit Direction,
Broke—In The Venue
Three Elephant Men—Monks
Girl in a Coma, Chubby Bunny—Sugarbeats
The Morlocks—Todds
Da Verse—Urban
Signal, PFG, Minus One—Vegas
DJ Rap, DJ Tink—Velvet Room
Saturday, April 30
Straightjacket, Stolen Marches, Hard
Times—Burt's
Marley Family Tour—Suede
Patsy, OH—Sugarbeats
Fuck the Informer, Mother's Coconut
Pregnancy—Todds
Kan'nal—Urban
Victor Wooten—Velvet Room
Sunday, May 1
Lower Glass Brats, Clit 45—Lo Fi
Pigface, Sheep On Drugs, Damage
Manual—Velvet Room
Monday, May 2
The Killers, Tegan and Sara—Kingsbury
Jimmy Eat World,
Taking Back Sunday—Lo Fi
Tuesday, May 3
Perceptionists—Egos
Black Dahlia Murder, Behemoth, Beyond
the Flesh, GAZA, Clifton—Lo Fi
The Conversation—Urban Lounge
Wednesday, May 4
Amy Ray, Family Outing—Lo Fi
The Vanishing Kids—Urban Lounge
Thursday, May 5
Supersystem—Kilby
Friday, May 6
Tiger Army—In The Venue
Her Candane—Lo Fi
Trascan Sinatras, Northwest—Suede
The Utah County Swillers, Hellbound

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April 1st

\$6 7:30
Smashy Smashy
Parts and Labor
Man Man

April 2nd

\$6 7:30
Garricks wonderous
day
OK Ikumi
The Show Is The
Rainbow

April 4th

\$3 7:00
Days Like These
Down To Earth
Approach
This Day and Age
Slow Coming Day

April 6th

\$6 7:30
Erin Haley
Doris Henson

April 7th

\$6 7:00
Take The Fall Tour
Sendoff

April 8th

\$6 7:30
3% Hero
Larusso

April 9th

\$6 7:30
Return To Sender
Day Of Less
The Broecks
InCamera EP
Release

April 12th

\$6 7:30
Paper Cranes
Two Gallants

April 14th

\$6 7:30
The Radar Bros.

April 15th

\$5 7:30
Victrola
Glacial CD Release

April 16th

\$6 7:30
Bel And The Dragon

April 17th

\$8 ADV / \$10 Day
of Show
7:30
Consafos
Bella Lea (singer of
denali)
The Good Life (tim
kasher of cursive)

April 19th

\$8 adv / \$10\$ Day of
7:30
Tel. Jim. Jesus
Pedestrian
Sole

April 22nd

\$6 7:30
Hudson River School
5 Year Anniversary

April 23rd

\$6 7:30
Outrageous Cherry

April 26th

\$8 adv / 10\$ Day of
7:30
TaughtMe
Norfolk and Western
M. Ward

Coming Up:

May 14:
The New Transit
Direction
May 18:
Why? & Miss Ohio's
May 24:
Melt Banana
June 10
Comets on Fire
July 2
Xiu Xiu



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03.31 **Super So Far**



04.01 **Kenny Wayne Shepherd**



04.02 **Breaking Benjamin**

Theory of a Deadman
The Exies



04.04 **Railroad Earth**
TBA



04.05 **Ambulance LTD.**
Autolux, Dr. Dog



04.06 **The Reverend Horton Heat**
The Supersuckers
I Can Lick Any SOB In The House



04.07 **City Weekly**
Best Of Utah Party



04.08 **Metalhead**
80's Hair Rock



04.11 Crooked Fingers
04.13 Clem Snide **NEW!!!**
04.14 Roger Clyne & PH Naffah of the
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04.15 Maktub
04.17 Chris Cain
04.19 Wild Wild West Dub Tour 2005 **NEW!!!**
04.20 Hit and Run Bluegrass

04.21 Eek-A-Mouse **NEW!!!**
04.22 Caroline's Spine & Royal Bliss **NEW!!!**
04.23 The Clumsy Lovers **NEW!!!**
04.27 The Wailers w/ deSol
04.29 DJ Rap, DJ Tink
04.30 Victor Wooten
05.01 Pigface Free For All Tour
05.07 Rasputina **NEW!!!**

...also... Afroman 5-9, Ozomatli 5-11, Metalhead 5-13, Built To Spill w/ Mike Johnson of Dinosaur Jr. 5-29

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